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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER

Art Literature & the Drama.

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Photograph *Dover Street Studios*

THE NEW SALOME: MME. AINO ACKTE

Who will sing—and dance—the title-rôle when "Salome" is produced at Covent Garden. After considerable delay, this opera has at last been licensed by the Lord Chamberlain, and Londoners will have the opportunity of seeing Richard Strauss's most-discussed composition. Mme. Ackte has played the part with enormous success on the Continent

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REMINISCENCES OF THE OLD COUNTRY. By Ruth Ruck. (Ouseley 2s. 6d. net.)
SPELL LAND. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. (Bell: 6s.)
THE HAND OF THE NORTH. By Marion Fox. (Lane: 6s.)
FROM CONSTABLE TO COMMISSIONER. By Lieut.-Colonel Sir H. Smith. (Chatto and Windus: 7s. 6d. net.)
THE FIRST DUKE AND DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE. (Longmans: 10s. 6d. net.)
THE WISDOM OF FOLLY. By Ellen Fowler. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
THE LAST CHANCE RIVER. By C. W. Dawson. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
AN EMPRESS IN LOVE. By F. Whishaw. (Paul: 6s.)

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THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The King

THE King dissolved Parliament on Monday, journeying up from Windsor in order to hold his Council at Buckingham Palace. Though in his manner of living (and also, sometimes, thinking) King George closely resembles his illustrious grandmother, he is very unlike her in his dealings with Ministers. Queen Victoria made it a steadfast rule never to allow political affairs, even of the most urgent, to interfere with private plans. The King reverses the proceeding, and makes his private plans wait upon public necessities.

Royalty and the Press

The Royal Family, it may not be generally realised, are the keenest of newspaper readers. I am told by one who must know that never a word in print about them escapes the Royal eye. The most careful guard is maintained against leakage of information of any kind, and woe be to him (or her) through whose unwary lips some not-to-be-published item slips. His (or her) presence is immediately requested and explanations required.

Royal Guests

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lord and Lady Chesterfield, Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill, Lord Crichton (the President of the Sunday Skating Club at Olympia), and Lord Morley were among the guests entertained by the King and Queen at Windsor last week. There will be no party at Sandringham tomorrow, when Queen Alexandra celebrates her sixty-sixth birthday.

Notice by Ye Editor

To remynde ye publick of ye happening, sometime toward ye ende of ye monthe of December, of ye ancient festival of Christmasse, and as a Protest against ye tacticks of His Majesty's Government in ordering a General Election During ye Preceding Dayes, ye Editor begs to announce that he hath prepared and will publish

A Christmasse Number of "Ye Bystander"

On Tuesday, December 6th, 1910

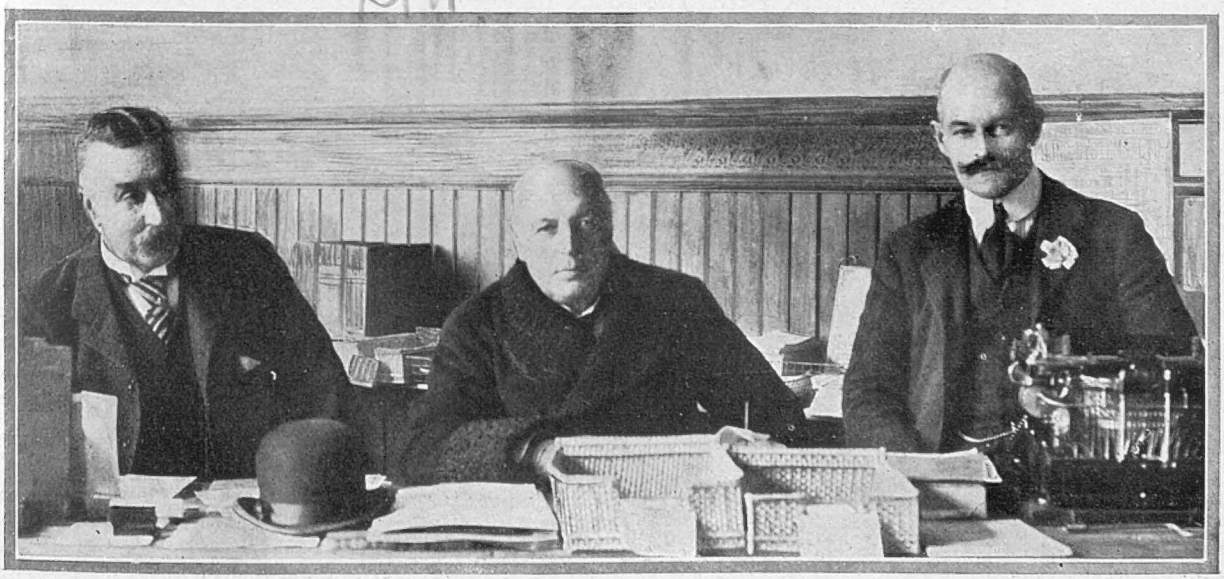
A Goodlie Publication for Men and Women of Quality, Witte, and Discernment.

Price One Shilling. 148 Pages

Forget Not to Order Et Nowe, as a Recorde Demande Doth Already Greatly Perplexe Ye Publisher.

Why Not 150?

Lest you may have decided not to be worried by reading the archaic announcement printed on this page, let me announce that on next Tuesday as ever was it will be possible to purchase the Christmas Number of THE BYSTANDER. It will cost a shilling, a reasonable enough price, if you really like this sort of thing, and will contain 148 pages. Why I stopped two short of 150 I really don't know. When a man has prepared over 100 pages of light literature and gay pictures he has difficulty in ever stopping. He simply does not care, and goes wildly on. The publisher demanded delivery when 148 pages only were prepared. So that with 148 you will have to be satisfied. Console yourselves with the reflection that the missing two might have been duller than any of the present 148.



Photograph *Silk*

Lord Charles Beresford Prepares for a Hot Fight at Portsmouth

The Chairman of the Unionist Party at Portsmouth, Colonel Isherwood, is seen on the left, and Major Reed on the right. The photograph was taken at the Central Offices, at the Albert Hall. Lord Charles's opponent is Mr. Hemmerde, K.C., who is leaving a safe seat at East Denbighshire

A Union of Souls

One of the most interesting engagements of the year is that announced between Lady Violet Manners and Mr. Hugo Charteris, the eldest son of Lord Elcho and future Earl of Wemyss. Mr. Charteris is only twenty-six, while his future wife is four years younger, but the engaged pair have known each other since babyhood, their respective mothers, Lady Elcho and the Duchess of Rutland, having been sworn allies in the days of the Souls. Of the three Manners sisters, Lady Violet is, perhaps, the most seriously inclined; but her interest in matters artistic and theatrical is as keen as her sisters', whose great friend is the actress-singer, Miss Viola Tree. She is a first-class lawn tennis player, and may often be seen at Queen's of a morning.

The Shaw Matinées

A very smart audience foregathered at the Haymarket last week to taste the flavour of Mr. Shaw's mild, but none the less enjoyable, joke in plays, and to see Mr. Granville Barker present the Immortal Bard. The audience, in the way of audiences in these days of political turmoil, was chiefly composed of women, such well-known ladies as Lady Northcliffe, Lady Salisbury, Lady Wemyss (who was receiving congratulations on her step-grandson's engagement), Lady Jekyll, Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, and Mrs. George West, whose young husband has lately been in America trying to arrange for the production in New York of her recently produced play.

House-Parties

There were numerous shooting-parties last week, the political situation notwithstanding. One of the biggest was at Wilton, and here Lord and Lady Pembroke had for guests Lord and Lady Ripon, the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, who themselves are shortly entertaining a big shooting-party; Sir Hedworth and Lady Lambton, the latter of whom is once more about; Lord Anglesey, and the son of the house, Lord Herbert, who, his family being very popular in and around Dublin, is profiting by the fact to put up as candidate for the Stephen's Green Division.

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

Lady Violet Manners

Second daughter of the Duke of Rutland, who is engaged to the Hon. Hugo Charteris, grandson of the Earl of Wemyss

Pleasant Thursday Afternoons

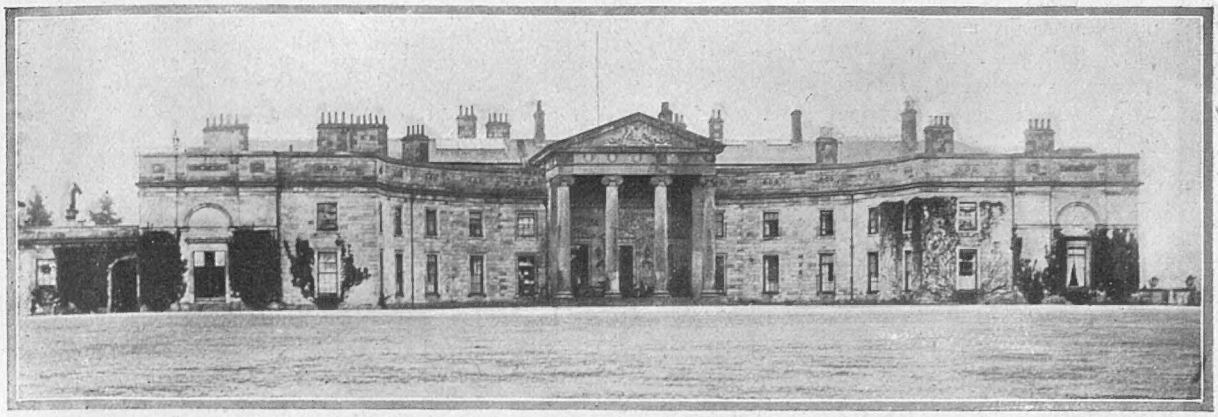
The *causeries de jeudi*, or Thursday chats as we say in England, are proving most attractive at the Little Theatre, and Miss Andrews must be congratulated on organising these bright little parties. I was much struck the other day at the smartness of the attendance. Marchionesses and Countesses, if you please, laughing merrily at the subtlest French joke—quite a proper one, I assure you; but, still, it goes to prove how wonderfully well polite Society is acquainted with the French language. There was a fairly large muster of "Souls," too, and America was well represented; but, may I ask, when is it not represented in this country, *pace* Ll. G. and his sneer at English husbands and American dollars?

"Salome" in Disguise

So the Lord Chamberlain has unbent. You would never think so to look at him, would you? Those four inches or so of collar do not look like bending much, do they? Well, as I have said, the Lord Chamberlain has unbent, and we are to hear and see *Salome* at Covent Garden. Think of it! All the names in the cast are to be changed, and you would never think the plot originated in the Bible. Herod will be called "Mr. Brown," Salome will be styled "Sarah Smith," John the Baptist the "Rev. Josiah Stiggins." So, you see, you will never have the slightest idea where the story originated. I hear that there has been already a great demand for seats from all parts of the country, and there are talks of excursion trains from Cornwall. How we English do love foreign music.

Cheerful to the Last

NOBLEMEN PROCEED DEFIANTLY WITH THE PASTIMES OF THEIR THREATENED ORDER



Baron's Court, Ireland: The Seat of the Duke of Abercorn

The Duke and Duchess have recently been entertaining a large party for the shooting, which is excellent at Newtown Stewart

Lord John Hamilton Shooting a Woodcock

The Marquis of Ormonde Waiting for Pheasants to Come Over

The Earl of Wicklow Waiting for Woodcock

Photographs] **A Luncheon Group** [*Sport and General*

(Left to right): The Duchess of Abercorn, Lord John Hamilton, Marquis of Ormonde, Lady Alexandra Hamilton, Countess of Dartrey, the Countess of Wicklow, Lady Mary Dawson, Captain Trefusis, General Pulteney, and the Earl of Wicklow

Just as Drake, on hearing of the approach of the Spanish Armada, continued to play his game of bowls, so our aristocracy, threatened with extermination from Mile End and Islington, proceed with THEIR pastimes!

Postponed Shoots—

Hosts and hostesses are using terrible language at the Election prospects. Any number of shooting-parties and other festive gatherings are postponed, and social events generally are upset. Let us hope that we may begin the New Year under brighter auspices. The "shoot" that Sir Courtenay and Lady Leucha Warner were to have entertained last Friday and Saturday has been postponed to a more convenient season, and Florence, Lady Nunburnholme, who had bidden Grand Dukes and other fine folk to come and slay pheasants and other wildfowl at Warter Priory to-day, has deferred the battue for a week or so.

—And Dances

To go on with the story of postponements. The Banbury United Hunt Ball, which was to have taken place on December 15, is, owing to the fact that electors will make merry in the town where the cakes come from on December 16, postponed till the bright New Year or "February fill dyke." With the Hunt Ball goes the dance that some Banbury ladies were to have given on December 14. Oh, it's a miserable story; and the young people are weeping and refusing to be comforted.

Why Bored?

I hear that several peers and peeresses were so bored at the last Coronation that they do not intend applying for seats for the next great ceremony in June. Who can they be? Why were they bored? This is a fact, I assure you, and not vapouring on my part. What will they do on Coronation Day? There will not be any racing to take them out of Town. Won't they feel a little cross when it is all over, and they come to realise that their presence was never even missed? There are some funny folk about. Perhaps, though, they will change their minds before Jan 1. After that it will be too late, and the Earl Marshal's office doors will be closed against them.

Patricians and the Suffrage

Not the least remarkable feature of last week's Suffragist raid was, writes an observant Bystander, the number of obviously aristocratic women in the ranks of militants. They came in motors, wrapped in their darkest furs, and looking supremely nervous and uncomfortable, if also uplifted and determined. And the crowd—that hateful element that on these occasions is the bane of Suffragists and police alike—reserved their choicest gibes (of which the least offensive is the "orter be ashamed of 'erself, sh'ought") for a grey-haired, middle-aged patrician who, only a few yards from the car where her footman—eyes front!—waited, charged the police line repeatedly. Stony horror was writ large upon her face, but she was still pushing when, half an hour later, sick at heart, I left the horrid scene.

The Latest Portrait of Queen Wilhelmina

The Queen of Holland gave the order for this portrait to be painted by the famous Dutch artist, Madame Therese Schwarz. The painting, which has just been finished, is now hung in a *salon* at Amsterdam. It is eventually to be presented to the brother of the Prince Consort Henry

A Speech-Pairing Suggestion

In this particularly tabloid electioneering campaign, when every minute is of priceless value, a good deal of time and printers' ink, it seems to me, might be saved by extending to public speeches the pairing system already applied to Parliamentary votes. Mr. F. E. Smith, for instance, could pair with Lloyd George—"mendicants" being balanced by "mongrels," and "Fluellen's leeks" against "high cheese"—the titular leader of the Liberal party with the official Unionist chief, and Mr. Churchill—no, I admit I cannot name his match. But as he could, I am sure, with his experience, answer his own impassioned utterances with equally trenchant arguments on the other side, there is no reason why he should not be his own pair.

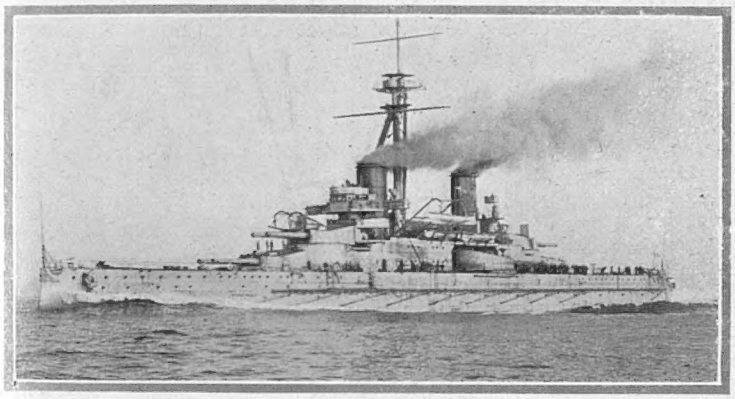
This Week's Wonders

They are wondering at the scene that took place in a certain house in a fashionable square. They are wondering whether the matter will ever come into court. They are wondering whether the story is known in High Circles. They are wondering who gave the story away. They are wondering at the guests at a recent shooting-party. They are wondering if the row at the bridge table will lead to further ructions. They are wondering what the lady really said in the hunting field on Saturday last. They are wondering if the hunt was shocked at her language. They are wondering at the forthcoming wedding, and who will give the bride away. They are wondering whether she still continues to distribute £5 notes. They are wondering whether the hotel likes these lavish disbursements.

Revolutionenza

CAUGHT IN PORTUGAL, THE MALADY SPREADS TO BRAZIL

The Magnificent Avenida Beira del Mar at Rio de Janeiro, with a View of Bota Fogo Bay



The Brazilian Dreadnought, "Minas Geraes," Steaming at Full Speed. The Crews of this Ship and the "São Paolo" Mutinied last week and Bombarded the City

The Brazilian President, Marshal Hermes da Fonseca

A Panoramic View of Rio de Janeiro, the Capital of Brazil

The crews of the two largest Brazilian warships mutinied last week, either killed or landed their officers, and bombarded the town. The mutiny is said to have no political object, the sailors rebelling against what they thought inconsiderate treatment and inadequate pay. Women and children were killed by the warships' shells, and the mutineers eventually agreed to surrender when an amnesty was guaranteed. It is interesting to note that the *São Paolo*, one of the two revolting ships, was in Lisbon Harbour when the Portuguese revolution broke out. There is nothing so infectious as rebellion

The Late Marquis of Salisbury
From a Painting by Sidney P. Hall, M.V.O.

The Crucial Question

The question for this Election is the reason thereof. I have attended a number of odd meetings at odd places, and the chief thing I have noticed is the extreme difficulty Liberal speakers have of answering this question why there is an Election at all. If one were to offer advice to Unionist speakers and hecklers, it would be that they should hammer this in for all they are worth. The view of the average workingman is clear enough. He was asked to vote down the Lords last January, and all the fine arguments in the world do not convince him why the Lords are still "up." He reads his papers sufficiently to know that their Lordships have not committed any new wickedness, and have, in fact, been remarkably good and quiet. If they were to be abolished, there was ample time for the Government to do it. Instead of this, he has read of Mr. Asquith, Mr. George, and Mr. Churchill on pleasure cruises, motoring, golfing, in different parts of the Continent, and Parliament "held up" while a Conference sat.

Lord R. Cecil, K.C.,
Son of the late Lord Salisbury, who is contesting the Wisbech Division with—
(*Caricature by C. P. Hawkes*)

The Conservative Chance

The fact that this Conference, for which the Radical workman had the utmost contempt, failed to settle the question (which he thought *he* had already settled by his January vote) does not at all explain the new Election. Mr. George and Mr. Churchill rant about the hereditary tyrants, but the performance seems like a repetition, a feeble "encore." There is, as a matter of fact, a slackening of Radical enthusiasm, which is bound to express itself at the polls. On the other side, every man who is, or ever has been, a Conservative is thoroughly aroused. Indignation at the "dollar dictator" and resentment at the "ungenerous election" are widespread.

A Forecast of the Result

If I were to forecast the result, I should say it will be "as you were," with a slight advantage to the Conservatives. They will lose some of the seats they gained at the last Election, but will probably gain many of those they only just failed to win. The decisive factors will, of course, be London and Manchester. If Unionism gets a really good start in the Metropolis, and if Mr. Bonar Law captures N.W. Manchester, the prospects of a good reduction of the Radical majority will increase tremendously. The Government are not keeping their "moderate" men, and they have failed even to please their rank and file. They are not in good fettle, and the Mile End performances of Mr. George only make matters worse.

The Manifesto Epidemic

The fashion for manifestos by young politicians is infectious—though no one but Winston has yet done it twice—and among the latest is Mr. Belloc's, published in a Unionist paper. But this is a testament, rather than a manifesto, and Mr. Belloc, explaining his retirement from Salford, attacks his own party organisation, not the other side. Mr. F. E. Smith (as well as Lord Winterton), by the way, is also retiring from the *World*—from the board of the journal of that name, I hasten to add, not from the mundane sphere of adjectives and ambition. England would, indeed, be in a bad way without her political antidote to Limehouse and Mile End.

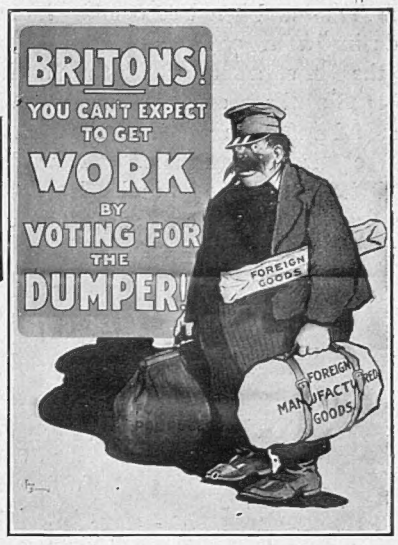
"SOMETHING IN HEREDITY AFTER ALL"

Photo Jerrard
The Earl of Rosebery

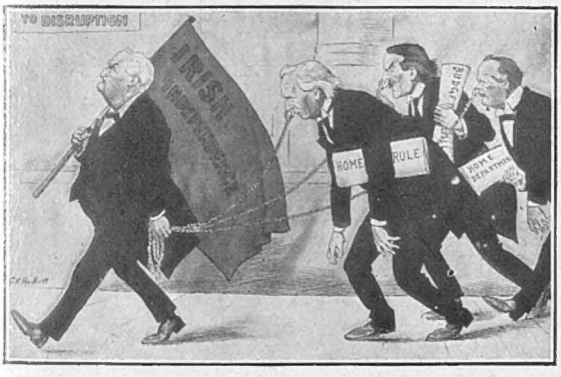
—Mr. Neil Primrose
Son of the Earl of Rosebery

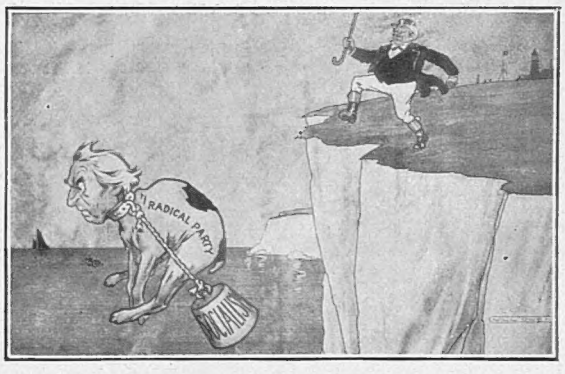
Our Jocular Politics

COMIC POSTERS DESIGNED TO HELP THE VOTER AT A GRAVE CRISIS IN THE NATION'S HISTORY



After making a selection of the happiest and most entertaining posters of the hour, we are a little horrified to find that only one of them emanated from Radical headquarters. This one example (The Hobbled Skirt) is as good as all the others put together, and our Liberal readers must accept this admission as compensation for so limited a display of the posters which coincide with their political opinions





VOTE FOR UNIONISM AND A FREE GOVERNMENT.

One cannot but remark on the increasing frivolity with which political matters of great moment are discussed. All public speakers, Ministers of State particularly, devote their energies to being as funny as possible. In one breath we are told that this is the greatest crisis in the history of England, and in the next that "a goat is nearly because it's all butt," or something equally convulsing. The same jocular spirit is reflected in the political posters. Many are witty, more are vulgar, but none has any dignity, and we are strongly inclined to doubt if they exercise any particular influence over the voter. Such posters, it may be added, are not to be seen in any country but ours, the foreigner regarding politics as rather a serious matter

WINSTON JEKYLL AND CHURCHILL HYDE

THE Rt. Hon. Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill, P.C., M.P., is a man of many parts and many enemies.

Personal popularity was not his lot at Harrow or in the Army, and is not enjoyed by him even on his own side in Parliament. One remembers, too, the answer of the Conservative agent in the Manchester by-election of 1908 to the question, "Why haven't you canvassed the Midland Hotel?" "No need," he said; "Winston himself is staying there." How untowardly genial and hail-fellow-well-met he has been found to be by numerous callers and chance acquaintances! At other times he seems possessed of a demon of unreasoning rudeness and insolence. He can rise to heights of statesmanship, but he often sinks to depths of Yankee "smartness."

When his American side is uppermost he does things repellent to English ideas of sportsmanship. When England is on top he is the type of English aristocrat that Americans most dislike.

During the Sudan campaign the 21st Lancers did not appreciate Churchill. They resented his hectoring, lecturing ways, and the fact that although still in the Service he was acting as war correspondent for the *Morning Post*, and was thus in a position publicly to criticise his seniors and brother-officers. When the final advance on Omdurman was begun, Mr. Churchill found himself left behind at the Atbara in charge of sick horses. He managed, however, to pull the wires so effectively that Kitchener at the last moment gave him leave to rejoin his regiment if he could catch them up.

Three nights before the battle of Omdurman a little company of war correspondents were preparing for sleep, when out in the darkness they heard someone calling, "Hi! I beg your pardon, can you tell me where the 21st Lancers are?" One of them went out and found a man on horseback, badly foundered. His eyes were starting out of a drawn face, deathly pale, he reeled in the saddle like a drunken man, and his horse was as "done" as himself.

Mr. Churchill, for he, of course, it was, was told that it would be madness to attempt to reach the 21st that night; they were a good way off, the ground was in a terrible state, seamed with fissures, and to attempt to cross would be almost certainly to break his neck; he had much better wait for the light.

No, he wouldn't get off, he wouldn't have a drink, he wouldn't wait, he must get on at all costs. But even as he spoke he swayed in the saddle, and the correspondent lifted him off and took him to the others, still feebly protesting.

Mr. Churchill was in sorry plight. A poor horseman, like most men of his build, he had galled and chafed himself terribly. He was as nearly "out" as man could be. But he was game, and with the first glint of dawn he was up and off, having borrowed a new pair of breeches and a fresh horse.

Well, now, that was a plucky deed. Alone and a poor rider, he had traversed a difficult and to him unknown country, with Dervishes all around, and he had ridden in the darkness where few would have cared to venture abroad even with a guide.

And Mr. Churchill bore himself gallantly in the famous charge of the 21st at Omdurman. After the battle he came to these war correspondents who had practically saved his life, and taking them aside one by one he made the same request to each. It appeared that he had written an account of the charge in which the name and doings of Mr. Churchill figured very prominently. The Censor had refused to pass it. Would the correspondent incorporate it with his own report? They all refused. One even ventured to tell him that it would not do a young officer any good to try to gain fame in this way.

"Oh, that's all right," said Mr. Churchill. "You see, I am leaving the Army, and so it won't matter. I am going into Parliament, and it will help me to get the fact before the public that I was in the charge."

However, the correspondents would not help him.

Mr. Churchill, I repeat, is a brave man, but, unlike most brave men, he does not mind talking about it.

Witness this ferocious attack on Colonel Kenyon-Slaney. "Ladies and gentlemen, if I am a traitor, at any rate I was fighting the Boers in South Africa when Colonel Kenyon-Slaney was slandering them at home. My honourable friend and I had the honour of serving in the field for our country, while this gallant, fire-eating Colonel was content to kill Kruger with his mouth in the comfortable security of England."

In the Boer War Mr. Churchill again showed courage, particularly in the train fight at Estcourt, which resulted in his capture. Then he went and spoiled it all by that absurdly melodramatic escape from Pretoria, and his cock-and-bull story of supernatural guidance. There was no need for him to escape. Arrangements, as he probably knew well enough, had been made for his release.

Here one may recall the Boer description of the fugitive, circulated although they had not the slightest wish to recapture him:

"WANTED

"Englishman, twenty-five years old; about 5ft. 8in. tall; indifferent build; walks a little with a bend forward; pale appearance; red-brownish hair; small moustache, hardly perceptible; talks through the nose; cannot pronounce the letter 'S,' and does not know one word of Dutch."

The "Hyde" in Mr. Churchill's character was never more apparent than when the case of the late General Sir Henry Colvile came before the House of Commons.

General Colvile, it will be remembered, had been called upon to resign for his share in the Sanna's Post disaster, though it had taken the authorities a long time to discover that he was at fault.

He appealed to Parliament, and a debate was held. The House was clearly on General Colvile's side, when Mr. Churchill intervened. The savagery of his attack on General Colvile made one shudder. As an ex-officer one would have thought that Mr. Churchill would have refrained from dragging a brother-officer down, from heaping scorn on a brave, but broken man. But he seemed to take a "Hyde-like" delight in jumping on his victim after he had "killed" him. Why? It is said that General Colvile had a caustic tongue, and a strong objection to contemptuous subalterns. N. W. F.

The Home Secretary AT HOME TO "The Bystander"

THE RT. HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.: DRAWN BY HAROLD SMITH AT A SITTING SPECIALLY GRANTED TO "THE BYSTANDER" ARTIST

Nothwithstanding the heat of the political hour, Mr. Churchill very kindly found time to pose at the Home Office for our artist, with the result reproduced above, which we venture to think is an admirable likeness

Two Scenes from the Pageant of South Africa

Episode VIII. of the Pageant of South Africa: The Capitulation of Cape Town, introducing General Baird, Colonel von Poophalow, and Sir Home Popham

THE GRAND FINALE OF THE PAGEANT, AN ALLEGORICAL TABLEAU EMBLEMATIC OF THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

The South African Pageant was a grand triumph for its organisers, and would stand comparison with any English pageant. It was favoured with fine weather on both days. No pageant has ever been held in a finer theatre than this strip of sand between the blue waters of the bay and the towering crags of Table Mountain

The Social Side of an Historic Ceremony

FÊTING THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT AT CAPE TOWN

Group at Government House, Cape Town, including the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Patricia, and Lord and Lady Gladstone

Lord and Lady Gladstone Going Aboard the "Balmoral Castle" to Welcome the Duke and Duchess

The Duke of Connaught Driving to Government House, Capetown

The round of festivities which the Duke and Duchess of Connaught enjoyed in Cape Town would have tried the strongest constitutions. Ever since their landing in the Colony, they have been fêted with an enthusiasm which speaks well for the ardent loyalty of South Africa

General Botha, the Union Premier, Arriving on Board the "Balmoral Castle"

Lady Gladstone, Duchess of Connaught, and Princess Patricia at a Review at Cape Town

Cartoonists, Please Note!

CORONETS AS THEY ARE WORN BY VARIOUS DEGREES OF NOBILITY

The Radical Idea of a Duke and his Coronet
This design for an ash-tray is copied from a Radical cartoon purporting to represent a Duke. The Coronet is quite incorrect

THERE is an industrious little journal, the *Tailor and Cutter*, which comes out periodically with strictures on the sartorial architecture of portraits in the Academy, but never have I seen any animadversions on the garb of our highest peers, whose future is now the issue of a General Election. This is the more noticeable as many instances have been published in which that innocent and unoffending class has been wantonly degraded. Even Mr. *Punch*, in his Christmas number, presents us with a plate of proposed peers, which, though all described as "Lords," are wearing coronets appertaining to all grades of the peerage. An unkind example occurred in a leading morning paper, which at the last election published a pamphlet, "All About the Dukes," with an illustration purporting to be a member of that high rank, but wilfully misrepresenting him as an earl.

This earl-duke has been perpetuated in china, and wears a coronet composed of eight silver balls elevated on points; whereas we are told by the learned Kings-at-Arms, backed by the profundity of Heralds College, that the coronet of a duke has eight gold strawberry-leaves set above the circle. A marquess's has four gold strawberry-leaves and four silver balls alternately—the latter a little raised on points above the rim. On an earl's coronet are eight silver balls raised on points double the height of the strawberry-leaves, with which they are alternated. So that it will be seen that the earl-duke wants the leaves on his coronet if he is an earl, and should have eight strawberry-leaves only if he is a duke.

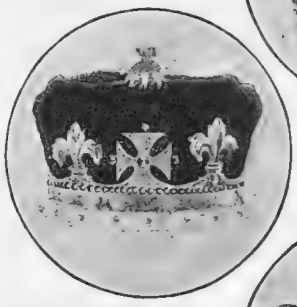
It may be useful to set out the other degrees, although the cartoonists seem to be obsessed with the idea that all titled landowners are dukes, and that in dukes alone is settled the wickedness of the peerage. The viscount has on his coronet sixteen silver balls set on the rim; whilst a baron has only six. The poor baronet has no coronet, although he would be glad of even a plain circlet, and has to content himself with a bloody hand as a charge upon his coat-of-arms.

All the coronets are of silver-gilt. The caps are of crimson velvet turned up with ermine. No jewels or precious stones are allowed on the coronets, and no counterfeit pearls instead of the silver balls. All the circlets are chased as jewelled, except that of the baron, which is plain.

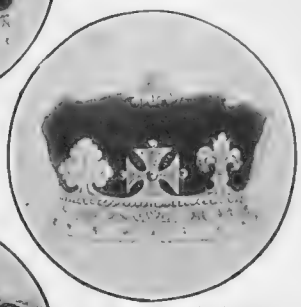
The peers' coronets are made full-size, but the peeresses' are only miniature, or half-size. They follow exactly the equivalent rank in the peers. This rule does not apply to Royalty, who always wear full-size. They also have their own grades. Royal dukes or duchesses not in the direct line of succession have a coronet with four Maltese crosses and four strawberry-leaves alternately. Princes and Princesses of the Royal family have four Maltese crosses alternated with four *fleur-de-lys*. The Prince of Wales bears the same as the last, with the addition of an arch.

Of course, we all know that peers do not habitually wear their coronets, but I trust that after this exposition the cartoonists may sin no more.

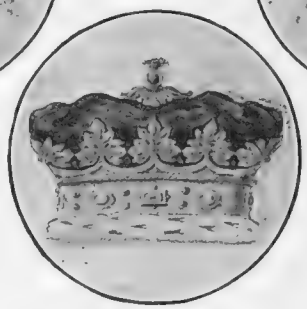
Prince of Wales's Coronet
Four Maltese crosses, four *fleur-de-lys*, and an arch



Royal Prince's Coronet
Four Maltese crosses and four *fleur-de-lys*

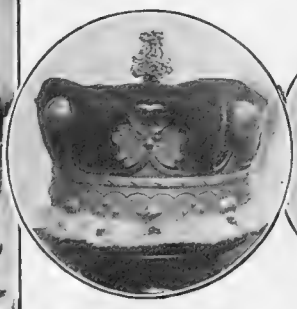


Royal Duke's Coronet
Four Maltese crosses and four strawberry-leaves

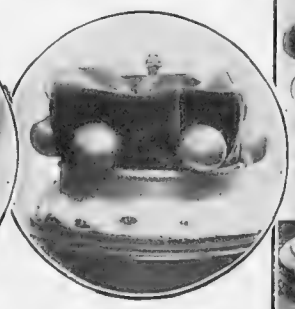


Duke's Coronet
Eight gold strawberry-leaves

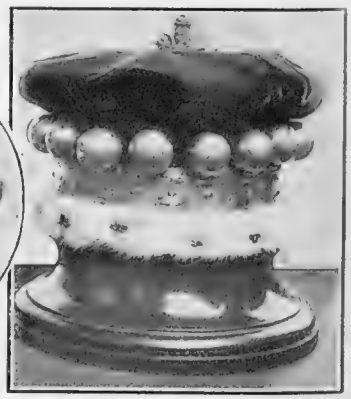
Earl's Coronet
Eight silver balls and eight gold strawberry-leaves



Marquess's Coronet
Four gold strawberry-leaves and four silver balls



Baron's Coronet
Six silver balls set on the rim



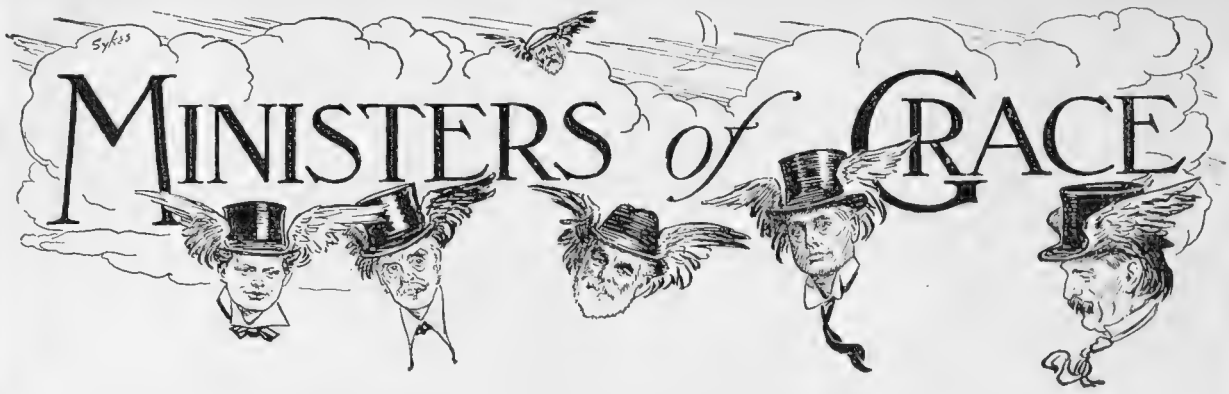
Viscount's Coronet
Sixteen silver balls set on the rim

This Concerns You!

"IT'S THEIR MONEY WE'VE GOT!"

(Offered, with "The Bystander's" compliments, to the Unionist Party Managers)

BY NOEL POCOCK



A SEASONABLE POLITICAL FANTAISIE: BY "SAKI"

ALTHOUGH he was scarcely yet out of his teens, the Duke of Scaw was already marked out as a personality widely differing from others of his caste and period. Not in externals; therein he conformed correctly to type. His hair was faintly reminiscent of Houbigant, and at the other end of him his shoes exhaled the right *soupçon* of harness-room; his socks compelled one's attention without losing one's respect; and his attitude in repose had just that suggestion of Whistler's mother, so becoming in the really young. It was within that the trouble lay, if trouble it could be accounted, which marked him apart from his fellows. The Duke was religious. Not in any of the ordinary senses of the word; he took small heed of High Church or Evangelical standpoints, he stood outside of all the movements and missions and cults and crusades of the day, uncaring and uninterested. Yet in a mystical-practical way of his own, which had served him unscathed and unshaken through the fickle years of boyhood, he was intensely and intensively religious. His family were naturally, though unobtrusively, distressed about it. "I am so afraid it may affect his bridge," said his mother.

The Duke sat in a pennyworth of chair in St. James's Park, listening to the pessimisms of Belturbet, who reviewed the existing political situation from the gloomiest of standpoints.

"Where I think you political spade-workers are so silly," said the Duke, "is in the misdirection of your efforts. You spend thousands of pounds of money, and Heaven knows how much dynamic force of brain power and personal energy, in trying to elect or displace this or that man, whereas you could gain your ends so much more simply by making use of the men as you find them. If they don't suit your purpose as they are, transform them into something more satisfactory."

"Do you refer to hypnotic suggestion?" asked Belturbet, with the air of one who is being trifled with.

"Nothing of the sort. Do you understand what I mean by the verb to koepenick? That is to say, to replace an authority by a spurious imitation that would carry just as much weight for the moment as the displaced original; the advantage, of course, being that the koepenick replica would do what you wanted, whereas the original does what seems best in its own eyes."

"I suppose every public man has a double, if not two or three," said Belturbet; "but it would be a pretty hard task to koepenick a whole bunch of them and keep the originals out of the way."

"There have been instances in European history of successful koepenickery," said the Duke.

"Oh, there have been False Dimitris and Perkin Warbecks who imposed on the world for a time, but they personated people who were safely dead. It would be far easier to pass oneself off as dead Hannibal than as living Haldane, for instance."

"I was thinking," said the Duke, "of the most famous case of all, the angel who koepenicked King Robert of Sicily. Imagine what an advantage it would be to have angels deputising, to use a horrible word, for Lloyd George and F. E. Smith, for instance. Then one could dispense with the bother of these recurring General Elections."

"Angels don't exist nowadays; at least, not in that way," said Belturbet; "so what's the good of talking nonsense."

"If you talk to me like that I shall just *do* it," said the Duke; "it's not everyone who would know how to bring it off, but——"

"Oh, stop that rubbish," said Belturbet, angrily. "Here's Winston coming," he added as a well-known figure approached hurriedly along the almost deserted path.

"Hurry along, dear man," said the Duke to the Minister, who had given him a condescending nod; "your time is short," he continued in a provocative strain. "The whole inept crowd of you will shortly be swept away into the world's waster-paper basket."

"You silly little strawberry-leafed nonentity," said the Minister, checking himself for a moment in his stride; "the voting masses are on our side; no power of earth or Heaven is going to move us from our place till we choose to quit it."

And Belturbet saw, with bulging eyes, a sudden void, where a moment earlier had been Winston Churchill; a void emphasised rather than relieved by the presence of a puffed-out, bewildered-looking sparrow, which presently fell to a violent cheeping and scolding.

"If we could understand sparrow-language," said the Duke serenely, "I fancy we should hear something infinitely worse than 'strawberry-leafed nonentity.'"

"Good Heavens, Eugène," said Belturbet hoarsely, "what has become of—— Why, there he is!"

And he pointed wildly towards a semblance of the vanished Minister, which approached once more along the unfrequented path.

"That, I think you will find, is his angel understudy," said the Duke composedly.

"How beastly happy you two look sitting there," said the Angel-Churchill wistfully.

(All rights strictly reserved)

"I don't suppose you'd care to change places with poor little us," replied the Duke, chaffingly.

"How about poor little me?" said the Angel, modestly. "I've got to run about behind the wheels of popularity, like a spotted dog behind a carriage, getting all the dust and trying to look as if I was an important part of the machine. I must seem a perfect fool to you onlookers sometimes."

"—pursued by a tiresome little sparrow that cheeped incessantly and furiously at him"

"I think you are a perfect angel," said the Duke.

The Angel-that-had-been-Winston smiled, and passed on his way, pursued across the breadth of the Horse Guards' Parade by a tiresome little sparrow that cheeped incessantly and furiously at him.

"That's only the beginning," said the Duke complacently; "I've made it operative with all of them, irrespective of parties."

Belturbet was engaged in feeling his pulse. The Duke fixed his attention on a black swan that was swimming with haughty, stiff-necked aloofness amid the crowd of lesser waterfowl that dotted the ornamental water. For all its pride of mien, something was evidently ruffling and enraging it; in its way it seemed as angry and amazed as the sparrow had been.

At the same moment a human figure came along the pathway.

"Curzon," said Belturbet briefly.

"An Angel-Curzon, if I am not mistaken," said the Duke. "See, he is talking affably to a human being. That settles it."

A shabby lounger had accosted the ex-Viceroy. "Could you tell me, sir, if them white birds is storks or halbatrosses? I had an argyment——"

"Those are pelicans. Are you interested in birds? If you would join me in a bun and a glass of milk at the stall yonder I could tell you some interesting things about Indian birds. The hill-mynah, for instance."

The two men disappeared in the direction of the bun-stall, shadowed from the other side of the railed enclosure by a black swan, whose temper seemed to have reached the limit of inarticulate rage.

"I think a prairie oyster on the top of a stiffish brandy-and-soda might save my reason," said Belturbet weakly, as he limped towards his club.

It was late that afternoon before Belturbet could steady his nerves sufficiently to read the evening papers. The Parliamentary report was not reassuring. "Mr. Lloyd George, whose manner was entirely different from either the aggressive or the suave types to which he has accustomed the House, rose to express regret at having, in the course of his speech at Houndsditch the previous night, alluded to certain protesting taxpayers as 'fuddled skulkers.' He realised on reflection that they were probably perfectly honest in their inability to understand certain legal technicalities." (Sensation and some cheers.)

Belturbet hurriedly skimmed over a further item of news, "Wild cat found in an exhausted condition in Palace Yard," and ordered another prairie-oyster.

The events of the next few days were piquantly bewildering to the world at large; to Belturbet, who knew dimly what was happening, the situation was fraught with recurring alarms. The young Duke of Scaw, on the other hand, retained all his usual composure. Belturbet, after fruitlessly ringing him up at intervals during the week, ran him to earth one afternoon at his club, smooth and spruce and unruffled as ever. He was reading with evident pleasure a poem in the *English Review* by the Angel-Lady Cardigan, entitled "Pure Women and Clean Men: A Tribute to the Victorian Era." It had attracted much notice, alike for the excellence of its metre and the generosity of its judgments.

"An Angel-Curzon . . . talking affably to a human being"

"Tell me, what on earth *have* you turned Hensley Henson into?" asked Belturbet anxiously. "I don't fancy he *believes* in angels, and if he finds an angel preaching orthodox sermons from his pulpit while he's

been turned into a fox-terrier, he'll develop rabies in less than no time."

"I rather think it was a fox-terrier," said the Duke lazily.

Belturbet groaned heavily. "Look here, Eugène," he cried, "you've got to stop it. Consols are jumping up and down like bronchos."

"Well, you see, the Angel-Balfour's threat to bring eighty thousand Tory stalwarts up to wreck the House unless the Navy Estimates were revised on a Two-Power basis before Parliament was dissolved has created a bit of a sensation. That was really rather a fine passage when he said, 'I glory in the name of Apache.' I wonder, by the way, why the angel up at Dalmeny isn't giving tongue in his support. If there ever was a moment for an epoch-making speech, it's now."

"I saw on the tape this morning that Rosebery refused to address a meeting on the subject. He said something more than mere speech-making was wanted."

The young Duke said nothing, but his eyes shone with quiet exultation. Suddenly there was a magnetic stampede of members towards the lobby, where the tape-machines were ticking out some news of more than ordinary import.

"*Coup d'état* in the North. Rosebery seizes Edinburgh Castle."

In the Babel which ensued Belturbet lost sight of his young friend. For the best part of the afternoon he searched one likely haunt after another, spurred on by the sensational posters which the evening papers were displaying broadcast over the West End. "Premier's constituency of East Fife harried by Moss-troopers," was one of the gravest items of news, followed, however, after a brief interval by the reassuring statement: "Government gives way. Important expansion of naval programme."

Belturbet gave up his quest, and turned homeward through St. James's Park. In spite of the political ferment which reigned in the streets quite a large crowd had gathered to watch the unfolding of a tragedy that had taken place on the shore of the ornamental water. A large black swan had savagely attacked a young gentleman who was walking by the water's edge, dragged him down under the surface, and drowned him. At the moment when Belturbet arrived on the spot several park-keepers were engaged in lifting the corpse into a punt. Belturbet stooped to pick up a hat that lay near the scene of the struggle. It was a smart soft felt hat, faintly reminiscent of Houbigant.

Nearly a month elapsed before Belturbet had recovered from his nervous attack sufficiently to take an interest once more in what was going on around him. The General Election was in full swing. He called for a batch of morning papers, and skimmed through some speeches of the Lord-Advocate, Mr. F. E. Smith, and other public men, and then sank back in his chair with a sigh of relief. Evidently the spell had cease to act after the catastrophe which had overtaken its invoker. There was no trace of angel anywhere.

"SAKI."

Another story by "Saki" will appear in "The Bystander" Christmas Number, out next week, December 6

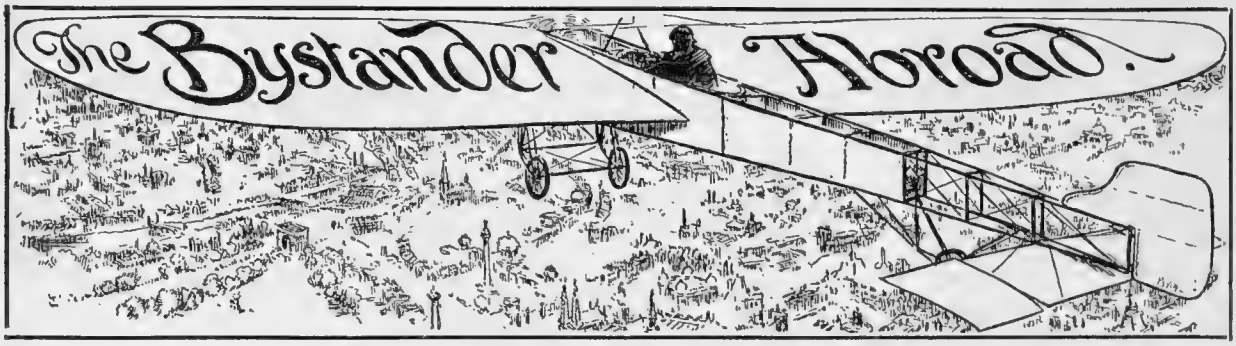
Aviator: "Am I right for Boulogne?"
Labourer: "Yes, Monsieur; first cloud on the right and second cloud on the left"

Jill—To Date!

Photograph *Ward Muir*

THE WORST OF TOBOGGANING

Once upon a time Jill climbed a hill to fetch a pail of water. Here we see her ascending for the purpose of tobogganing down again. Tobogganing is rare fun—down hill! But the ascent after the enjoyment of the run is not a little trying. The lady in the photograph is seen climbing the precipitous hillside at St. Beatenberg after a run down the two thousand feet to Lake Thun



The Coming Man in France : M. Delcassé

There is no sensation in journalism more delightful than that of seeing one's prophecies fulfilled. THE BYSTANDER has had more than its share of success in this branch—so much that it has often kept modestly in the background, and not come forward to claim its distincton. Among other things, we prophesied the rise of Briand. We also prophesied M. Delcassé's dramatic return to power. In France to-day there is a very strong feeling that M. Delcassé is destined to return in the near future. Delcassé's fall was a great blow to all those who interested themselves in foreign policy, and they were grateful to him for making Paris during his term of office the diplomatic centre of the world. M. Delcassé will go down in history as the man who was sacrificed for France—no small honour. His foreign policy was strong, but he could only have carried it out had he been Prime Minister, a post which he repeatedly refused, in spite of the President's desire to the contrary. He said that foreign policy was his subject, and he would accept no office that directed his energy into another channel. Delcassé's fall was a misfortune for France, but his attitude towards his fate was different from what anyone imagined. Instead of trying to defend his policy, or vindicate himself, or influence public opinion, he sunk almost into obscurity, waiting his chance. Only twice has he come out of his retirement. The first time his speech sent a thrill through Europe ; the second time he overthrew M. Clemenceau. It was a straight blow which M. Delcassé dealt, but his adversary was not expecting it, and it sent him reeling to his political death.

The Post for Delcassé

This victory of M. Delcassé remains historical in a country where force alone in politics counts. There is the strongest desire among Delcassé's friends and admirers to see his great abilities recognised properly. The difficulty is that if he became Minister of Foreign Affairs or First Lord of the Admiralty, for which post he is competent, there would be a great outcry in Germany, as his policy is supposed to have been opposed to Germany. It has, therefore, been suggested that he should be elected President of the Chamber of Deputies. As President of the Chamber he would have no executive function, and being dissociated from party government no country could infer that he was favouring any particular policy at all. This would put him in the possible running for the Presidency of the Republic, which will be vacant in two years, when M. Fallières's term of office expires. How M. Delcassé would like to be merely a figurehead, as the French Presidents are, one cannot

A ROYAL QUARTETTE

King Nicholas of Montenegro — The Queen of Italy

The Queen of Montenegro — The King of Italy

A Memorial Photograph of the Montenegrin Jubilee Celebrations

The Queen of Italy is, of course, the daughter of the Montenegrin Sovereign

Queen of the Spanish Gipsies

A SALON PORTRAIT BY E. MOREROD

At the Autumn Salon of this year in Paris, the works of the young painter, Edouard Morerod, perhaps, have attracted the most attention. Morerod, although French-Swiss by birth, has devoted his art exclusively to Spanish subjects. Most of his work consists of large drawings in crayon, black and white, with a touch or two of characteristic colouring to give warmth, a most fascinating effect. One of the best is this portrait of the Queen of the Spanish Gipsies, a study from life made during his recent trip to Spain. This work is especially strong in character. The eyes are almost living, and from them gleams someth ng that suggests a nature which combines all the womanly qualities of sweetness, tenderness, and love with a cruel fire capable of flaming up on provocation

say. I feel sure, however, he will not reject the Presidency if it be offered him.

The Visit of the American Fleet

Paris no longer belongs to the Parisians. For the last fortnight or more it has been the absolute property of a party of American man-o'-warsmen, who captured it without a struggle from its rightful owners, and who have been in effective occupation ever since. The invasion will last for some weeks longer, and I believe this is the first occasion since the siege of Troy-town on which so large a city has capitulated unconditionally to a force so relatively small in numbers. Our captors belong, of course, to the United States Fleet of war vessels that lately arrived upon the coasts of Western Europe—one moiety of which at present remains in English waters, whilst the remaining squadrons ride at their anchors in Brest and Cherbourg Roadsteads. To our sailor-guests a little trip overland to the Capital of Pleasure was, of course, indispensable, and Parisians have extended the heartiest of welcomes to each relay of "liberty men" as they have come along. At the time of writing the big, free-striding men with Uncle Sam's white star at the corners of their jacket collars are to be encountered at every street corner and in all the cafés about town, where their absolute ignorance of our local tongue has apparently proved not the slightest hindrance to their obtaining everything they wanted. They are indefatigable sightseers, moreover, and the "Cook's men" and other cicerones who have undertaken to exhibit the "lions" to the strangers have found their office anything but a sinecure.

A Tardy Tribute

That great statesman, the late Jules Ferry, has waited a long while for his statue from a country that loves to honour its dead, both of lesser and of higher degree, by erecting their own effigies to their memory. But recognition comes to everybody, even to a politician, provided he be not in too great a hurry. Elected President of the Third Republic during the troublous times of 1870-71, Jules Ferry served his country well and loyally, according to the ideals which he had set himself, and received for those services more execration and abuse than any public man before or since. As regards the wisdom of his foreign policy there may, perhaps, be two legitimate opinions, although, both in regard to events in Tunis and subsequently the disastrous happenings in Indo-China, he has been blamed for much in respect of which he was in nowise blameworthy. But the claim of the man to an enduring fame rests upon another pinnacle, and were it only for the free and untrammelled education which his efforts eventually assured to the rising generation in his country his name would deserve to be blazoned big upon the national banners.

ANOTHER ADAMLESS EDEN—WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE WAITERS!

There is more than one café in Vienna open to ladies only. It is not a little instructive to notice that waiters and not waitresses are employed. Do the Viennese ladies enjoy contemplating mere man in an occupation of servility, or can it be that they find his attendant services more acceptable?

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

AT last it is becoming clear what England wants. Not, of course, a Single Chamber. If there were only one Chamber at Westminster to be kept clean and dusted, think what a lot of charwomen and others would be thrown out of work.

* * *

What would the Librarian to the Lords do if the Upper House were destroyed? I do not know. But a consideration of the possibilities should alone prevent all this pernicious talk about Single Chambers.

* * *

No. What England wants is something quite different. It is a Third Party, the members of which should go to the country inviolably pledged, if they were elected, not to allow a Dissolution for at least five years.

* * *

Then for four Christmas seasons, at any rate, we could do our shopping in peace, and not at the last minute have to buy things for our friends at a much higher price than we intended to pay, just in order to save the poor tradespeople from ruin.

* * *

Personally, to mark my disgust at the behaviour of Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, and Socialists and Suffragettes in general, I do not intend to buy any Christmas presents for anyone. This is merely a personal conception of my duty at this crisis. I do not ask my relations to follow me in the matter.

* * *

"Three Hundred Things a Bright Boy Can Do" is the name of a book that has recently been published. Surely even the old Deadwood Dick style of literature would make better reading for young boys than a volume which, from its title, is evidently the autobiography of Mr. Winston Churchill?

* * *

Immense enthusiasm, it is said, has been caused throughout Panama by President Taft's declaration—made at a Panaman banquet—that so long as Panamans behaved themselves the United States would not annex their country. One can better understand the keenness of the enthusiasm that must have been aroused by supposing for a moment that the Kaiser, at a Lord Mayor's dinner, had stated that so long as Englishmen behaved themselves he would not annex our little island.

* * *

Publishers must be dreadfully conservative people. Otherwise, with three hundred new peers in prospect, the proprietors of the "How To" series would have produced at least one small work on "How To Choose a Title."

* * *

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has assured Mr. Balfour in a letter that he is in complete and cordial agreement with him on all points. This is very nice, but it is just a little pathetic to think that after all these years of trying to maintain a unique attitude towards Tariff Reform, Mr. Balfour has failed.

* * *

"Wife away for her nerves eh?"
"No. Not hers—mine!"
By Starr Johns

Suffragettes must not be disheartened by the fact that 113 of them were dismissed from Bow Street Police Court last week without even a trial. Rebuffs of this sort are to be expected, and must be accepted with smiling faces.

* * *

Probably their dismissal was due to the present high prices of food, caused by a man-made Government. Even compulsory feeding of prisoners costs the Treasury quite a lot. Now a small tax on foreign wheat . . ?

* * *

By the way, during the Moabit trial evidence has been adduced which tends to show that a secret police agent urged on the Berlin Suffrage riots of 1908. Thank heaven, our own police are above suspicion of inciting Suffragettes to poke umbrellas in their eyes.

* * *

The poor showing made by the United States cavalrymen at the New York Horse Show is now attributed to their bad mounts. Luckily, perhaps, "talking horses" are the exception, not the rule.

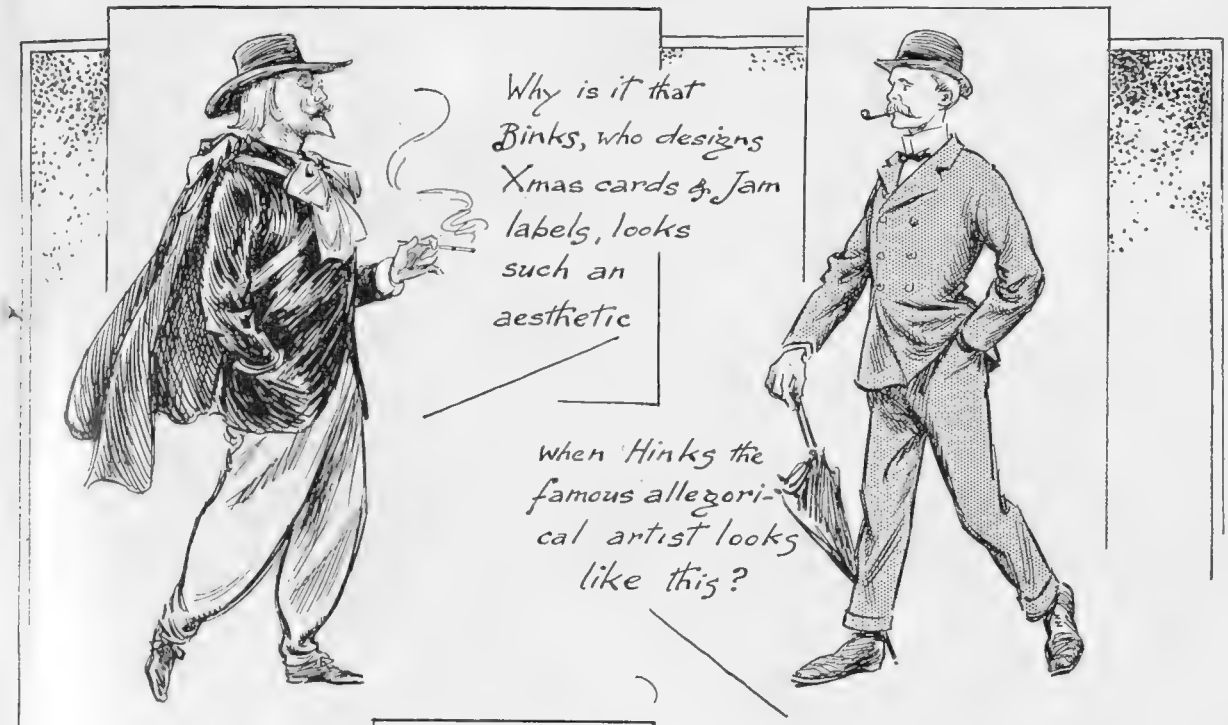
* * *

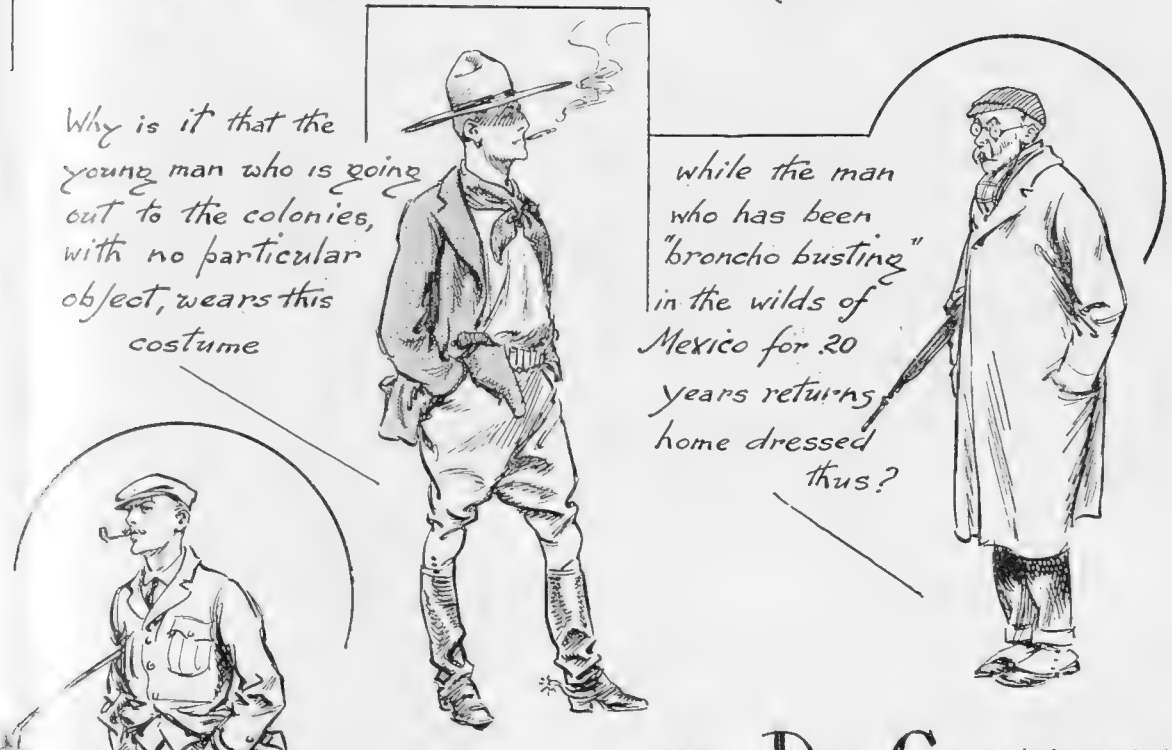
"Great excitement"—says the *Mail*—"has been caused in New York by the discovery of the remains of a tall, thin, reddish-haired man, which have been concealed in a trunk for seven years!" The excitement is natural, for, owing to the severe treatment they generally receive, most American trunks are burst open within as many weeks. R. E. V.

One of the Little Ironies of Life

BY A. E. HORNE

Our Passion for Inappropriate Attire





OR DO CLOTHES REALLY MAKE THE MAN?

BY A. E. HORNE

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"ECCENTRIC LORD COMBERDENE" AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

THIS "novelette in three chapters" reminds one of the historical instance of the dramatic author who wrote a tragedy and took it to an ingenious manager, who showed him how, by touching it up here and there, it could be turned into a really roaring farce. Mr. R. C. Carton seems to have set out to write a stirring melodrama, and subsequently to have considered that his work would, perhaps, go better as a burlesque. The eccentricities of Lord Comberdene resolve themselves into no more than a taste for romance cultivated by an amiable gentleman who has happily the means to indulge his fancy to the utmost extent. When his Lordship wants a yacht, for instance, he adopts the clinching expedient of offering for it just double the amount of the previous highest bid; and when he engages a captain and crew he announces that he invariably pays double wages. After all, when a man admits that he is so rich that money is nothing to him, all sorts of extravagances are to be expected. The yacht plays an important part in the piece, and has, indeed, the third act all to itself. Lord Comberdene buys it in order that he may sail away to some remote island to escape the attentions of a married lady who is in love with him; the Marchioness of Glenmoray wants the yacht for the purpose of conveying to a warship a Russian Grand Duchess whose peace is threatened by Nihilists; and a gang of diamond thieves require the vessel so that they may get away with a recent haul.

Sketched at the St. James's Theatre

THE gang have recently come into possession of a number of family jewels, the value of which has been set at one hundred thousand pounds (though whether that is the buying price or the selling price we are not informed). The jewels have been stolen from the Marchioness of Glenmoray, who bears her loss with great resignation. She explains to Lord Comberdene, in the lounge of the hotel at which he and she and the swell mobsmen are staying, that the jewels are only heirlooms, and that now that they have gone she is happily relieved from the tiresome necessity of being obliged on State occasions to carry about with her a dead weight of wrought metal and precious stones. If the "novelette," as a whole, had been written in this playful spirit, we should have known better how to take it. As it is, the melodramatic and the burlesque follow so closely on each other's heels that at times you do not know whether to laugh or to cry. And there is always the danger in such extremities that you may be tempted to yawn instead. If the play is to be considered as a melodrama, it must be admitted that it has its exciting moments. The jewels are concealed in a despatch-box which comes into Lady Glenmoray's possession by an accident, as she is expecting a box of the kind with real despatches in it. The gang, on discovering their loss, decide to recover the box at all odds; and there is quite an exciting scene in Lady Glenmoray's room, where two of the gang are just about to resort to violence to secure the box, when the timely entry of Lord Comberdene spoils their game with dramatic suddenness. The thieves make another daring attempt to secure the spoil by persuading Lord Comberdene to take their confederates as the crew of his newly acquired yacht; and when they are out at sea they throw off the mask (the usual phrase, I think), and are about to maroon its owner and his guests, when the arrival of a British man-of-war causes vice to be vanquished and virtue to triumph in the grand manner of tradition.

IF, however, the play is a joke, you must look at the stirring events from a different point of view. With a faculty for mental arithmetic which is somewhat rare, you might estimate the number of confederates in this large gang, and divide the value of the "swag" by their total to show that the resulting share to each would be so trifling, after all expenses had been paid, that the answer to the sum becomes a good joke, to be laughed at in due course. But only

Mr. Alexander as the Hero of a "Novelette"

SKETCHED BY NORMAN MORROW

very quick thinkers, I imagine, can take their humorous nourishment in this complex form. If the fact that Lord Comberdene has given for the yacht he wished to secure double the highest offer previously made is a huge joke, how much huger, as Euclid might say, is the fact that Lady Glenmoray, acting on behalf of the British Government, offers his Lordship double value again? At this stage the joke may be held actually to become reproductive by fission as elementary plants do, since it gives off from itself the reflection that if this is the way the Government spends its money, it is no wonder the taxes go up! The plot of the conspirators on the yacht may be held also to be a joke, because, while we know them to be merely thieves, Lady Glenmoray concludes that they are Nihilists in pursuit of her friend, the Grand Duchess. Lord Comberdene's light-hearted manner in dealing with the treacherous captain chastens the melodramatic form of the story considerably, it is true; but I do not think it follows that because this scene is not serious it is, therefore, necessarily humorous.

Sketched at the St. James's Theatre

IT seems to me that the deficiency is not in the acting, but in the hybrid nature of the play itself. Mr. Alexander has flung his influence and his art into the scale, and by a splendid effort has almost succeeded in making a silk purse out of the proverbially unsuitable material. If a situation is weak, Mr. Alexander is there to give it strength by his convincing manner; if a joke is poor, he makes it rich by his delivery. But all the while one cannot escape the idea that he is attempting the hazardous feat of making bricks without straw. I submit this view with all possible deference, because there seems a possibility that the humour of the play is so rarefied and so subtle that an ordinary intelligence like my own cannot be expected to grasp it. I emphasise this point, not because I imagine for a moment that there is an idea abroad that I am speaking, like the nine tailors of Tooley Street, for "the people of England," but because I happen to know that totally different opinions of this production have been elsewhere expressed. And I would not for the world have anyone inconvenienced by my lack of perspicacity.

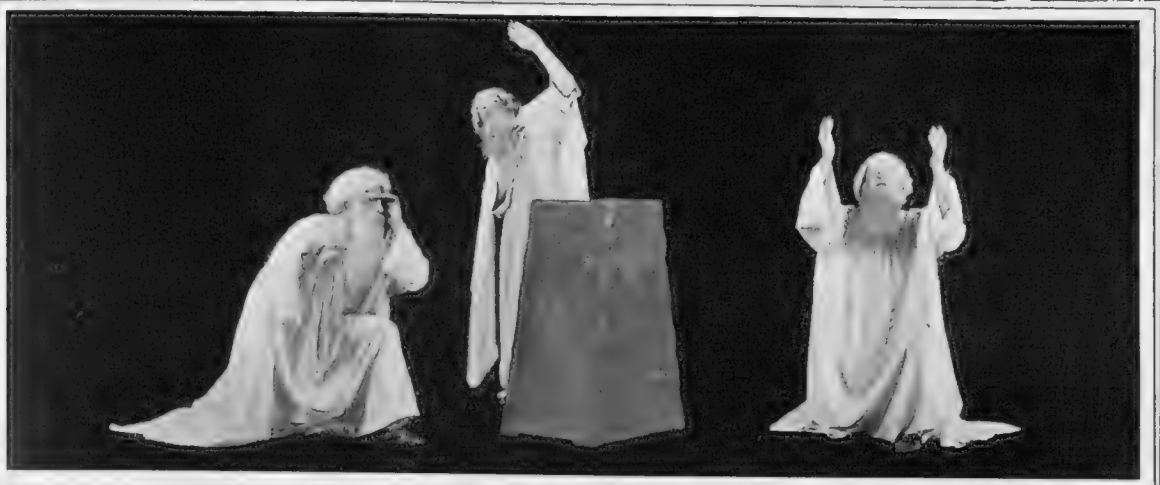
MISS COMPTON is at her best as the Marchioness of Glenmoray. Her coolness and matter-of-fact precision in thwarting the machinations of the supposed Nihilists are refreshing to see, and her manner of delivering an epigram as though it were no more than a brief "aside," adds considerably to the point of the dialogue. But she does not make the pace fast enough, and seems to be endeavouring all the while to impart dignity to situations that were never intended to have any. A good piece of character-acting is given by Mr. E. Vivian Reynolds as Scoyle, the confidential messenger of the gang of thieves. He calls at the hotel with the "swag," and is in such a high state of nervousness that he starts violently at every fresh voice he hears. Once when the waiter, coming noiselessly to his side with a glass on a tray, says abruptly, "Your whiskey, sir," Scoyle replies in agitated haste, "No, I'm not!" This is a playful jest on all fours with that which flourished in my childhood when a gentleman at a club asked the Irish waiter to call him a cab, and was taken very literally. Mr. Liston Lyle represents the chief of the gang of thieves, and though he contrives to give here and there a flavour of burlesque to his part, he is obliged to be as solemn as anyone else when the plays falls precipitately, as it repeatedly does, into severely melodramatic ways. Mr. J. H. Barnes gives a really fine swing to the character of Captain Clamp, a breezy nautical dodger with a keen eye for the main chance.

IT would appear that it was Mr. Carton's idea to gird in his pleasantly satirical way at the modern sensational novelette which is supposed to be read for the most part by the servant-girl class. This seems to me to have been a rather imprudent programme, since the devoted readers of the novelettes in question would not be able to appreciate the delicate satire, and people higher in the social scale, who do not read such novelettes, would not know what was being satirised. That there is room for such a satire is undeniable; but I think for general purposes its humour would have to be made more obvious than that which Mr. Carton has presented us with here. Mention ought to be made, I think, of the mounting of this piece, which is exceptionally elaborate—the first scene, representing the lounge of a fashionable hotel, being quite a marvel of reproduction. JINGLE.

Next Tuesday
"THE BYSTANDER" CHRISTMAS NUMBER
will be published. Amongst a feast of wit and fancy be careful not to miss the contributions of
JINGLE AND NORMAN MORROW

A Dramatic Entente

ANGLO-SPANISH TABLEAUX VIVANTS AT THE COURT THEATRE



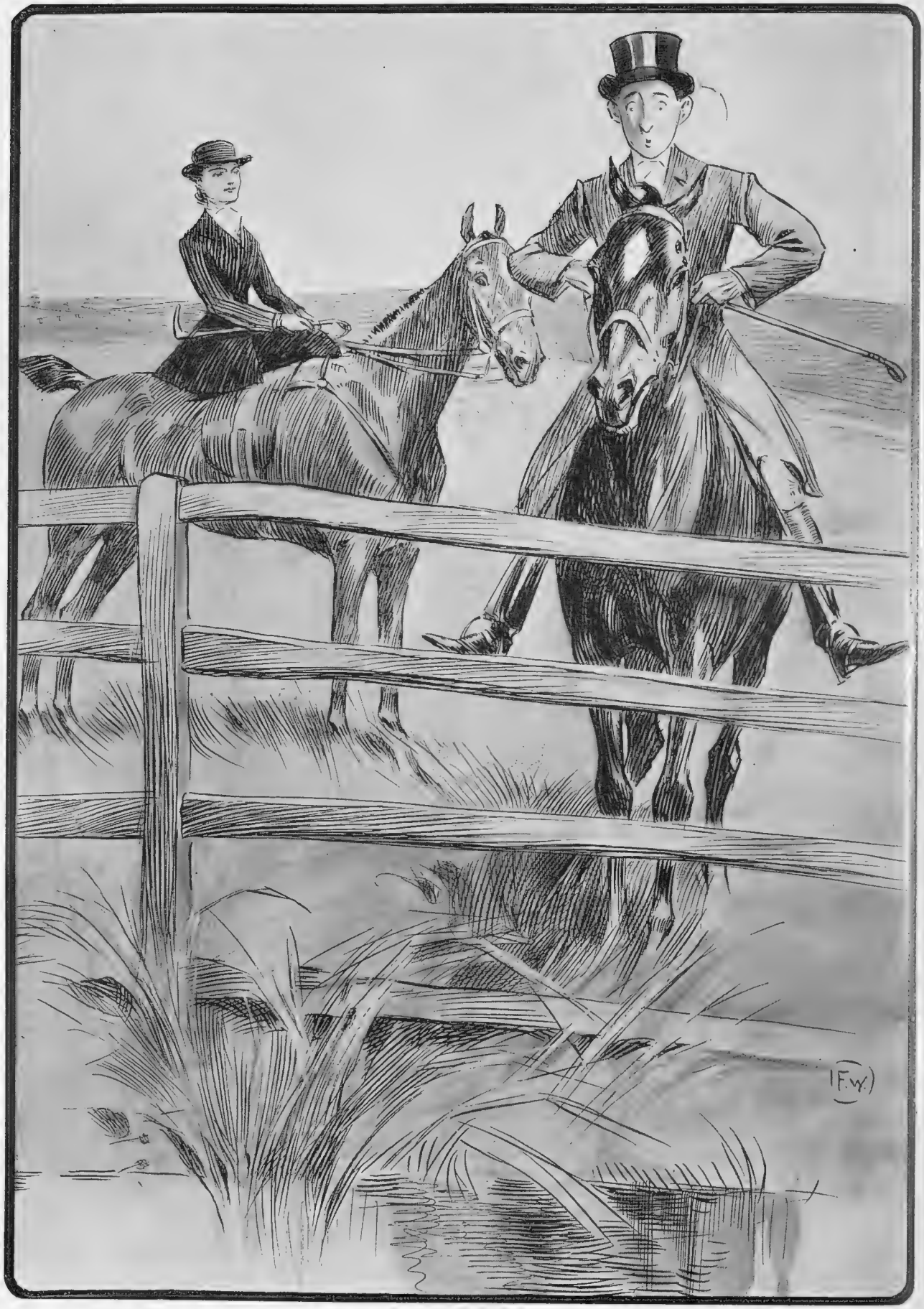
"The Sacrifice": Early British Druids Invoking the Favour of the Gods

"Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty"
"ROMEO AND JULIET, Act V., Scene 3

A Spanish Tableau (after a Painting by Goya)

Anglo-Spanish tableaux vivants, representing the history, literature and art of the two countries, were recently given at the Royal Court Theatre in aid of the Queen of Spain's charities. The entertainment, which delighted a large audience, was organised by Mr. Steuart Erskine and the Spanish circle of the Lyceum Club

Wanted—A Friendly Lead



Diana: "Now, Gussie darling, just ride at the top bar and break it, and then I shall be able to manage it nicely"

BY F. WHITING

Famous Hunts at Home
No. XXII.—The Rufford

The Rufford Hounds in Front of Thoresby Park, the Seat of Earl Manvers

Written and Illustrated by Leonard Willoughby

THIS season the Rufford are, indeed, fortunate in again having at the head of affairs Earl Manvers, the owner of Thoresby Park and a considerable amount of land over which hounds now hunt. Though the hunt lays in the centre of the "Dukeries"—of which Thoresby is one of the great houses—still, the Dukes of Portland and Newcastle do not hunt, nor does Lord Savile, though they are all supporters of the hunt. It is not a country where many country gentlemen's homes are found, neither is it a country which is easy for a stranger to hunt, as it requires to be well known. This is no easy task, for it is one of immense woodlands—portions of Sherwood Forest. Therefore, when Lord Manvers came forward to take over the reins of government the hunt was indeed fortunate, for in him they have an ideal Master and a very keen sportsman.

Earl Manvers
Master of the Rufford Hunt

The kennels, built by the country, and the huntsman's house, by Lord Manvers, are now at Wellow, some three miles from Thoresby, on land given by Lord Savile. They are good, substantial brick buildings, with plenty of accommodation. They are very healthy, and stand on fourteen acres of ground facing south and east, with views extending for miles, but which at times cause the kennels to be cold when the wind drives from these directions. On the north side they are sheltered by the woods of Wellow Park. In these are kennelled 40 couple of hounds, of which 15 couple are dogs. These latter have good necks, shoulders and bone, which, on the whole, are carried well down. Their feet are fair, though I think there is still room for improvement. They are level hounds, and present no characteristic as to colour. The bitches are mixed, there being both big and small hounds, the former running with the dog pack. They have,

taking them all round, wonderfully good necks and shoulders, and are fairly straight. I think, however, improvement can be effected in the knees and feet, which are rather weak.

I should say, as regards frame, they are the right sort to breed from, as there are bone and substance, at any rate in the bigger bitches. They are principally tan-coloured hounds, with a few dark coloured ones, descendants of the Duke of Beaufort's Whalebone and Wisdom, which he gave to the Rufford. Their working qualities leave but little to be desired, for they show dash and drive and beautiful tongue, so necessary for this woodland country—a country unrivalled for bringing out the qualities in hound-work. The country, in one part being thick clay soil, is cold scenting, and, foxes being uncommonly smart customers, hounds have to use their noses all they know if they hope to meet with reward. The forest, in which at least one day a week hounds hunt, is entirely bracken, which, until after Christmas, never carries a yard of scent, hounds often being completely hidden from view, so high does it grow. Still, they persevere gallantly, though it must be terribly trying and disappointing work for both huntsman and hounds.

Remus: A Fine Head
One of the Rufford Hounds

On the Newark side it is a fairly big country to ride over, with stake and bind fences, with ditches, bullfinches and many dumbles. In the forest there is little jumping, and what there is consists of small colt fences and small rails. Unfortunately, that which was the "Leicestershire" part of the country on the Derbyshire side was lent to the Barlow some five or six years ago. This is chiefly grass, and by far the best scenting portion; but as it became much cut up by railways and collieries, and there was a scarcity of foxes, it was found hardly worth while training hounds to these distant meets.

Lord Manvers is most enthusiastic, both in the breeding of hounds and seeing them work, and it was his former huntsman, Higgins, who brought from the Duke of Beaufort's Whalebone and Wisdom, which together have done wonders in the kennel. In recent years, by the use of Belvoir sires, Lord Manvers was very successful at Peterborough with dog hounds, winning first prizes for the best young hound and the best couple of young hounds in 1904. This was in his first Mastership. At the close of it his hounds were a first-class working lot, which could not be beaten for the kind of country they hunted. Having again taken over the command, he is determined to keep up the high quality which the Rufford hounds have held in the past, both for their appearance and work. For this pack has in the past helped much in other kennels in giving dash and drive, due to the country they hunt in, it being essentially one to make good hounds.

Rufford Hounds in their Cosy Dormitory

At present there are among the dogs several good-looking ones by Meynell Why-Not—that grand hound—which are full of promise in their work. There is, however, only a small entry this year, but so far they are taking to their work well. Capon, as a kennel-huntsman, is quite excellent, and in the field is most painstaking and careful in drawing coverts. Altogether, he is a generally improving huntsman in the field, and his hounds always come to him well, which is a good sign. The fields are usually small, and those who come out hail from Newark, Mansfield,

Retford, and Southwell, and a few of The Grove followers. Very few farmers hunt, but those who do are the right sort, and all keen and ride well. Lord

The Lady Cicely Pierrepont, Eldest Daughter of Earl Manvers—a Splendid Rider to Hounds

Manvers's daughters, the Ladies Cicely and Sibell Pierrepont, hunt regularly, and ride very straight. Lady Cicely in particular is keen to a fault, and when hounds are running is generally close up.

Lord Manvers, who is intensely popular and has a charming personality, rides hard, and has a good seat. He is always splendidly mounted, and very quiet with his field, but maintains discipline when necessary, for sometimes fields in all hunts are given to pressing a little too closely on hounds. I know of nothing more charming than the sight of these hounds and red coats riding through the bracken of Thoresby Park or through the vast woods of Sherwood Forest on a sunny morning. The autumn tints here are beautiful beyond compare. To hear the cry of hounds

The Lady Sibell Pierrepont, Youngest Daughter of Earl Manvers, who Hunts with the Rufford

as they push their fox through the large woods is music indeed, and apathetic must he be who fails to be stirred to the utmost depths by the thrilling sound as it echoes and re-echoes through these exquisite sylvan domains.

The Hall at Thoresby Park, Ollerton, Notts: The Residence of Earl Manvers, Master of the Rufford. It was Designed by Salvin

"When Frost, the Sacred Painter, Spreads His Silver Pigment"

THE PATHWAY TO THE CHURCH ON A DECEMBER MORNING. BY B. WARD-THOMPSON, F.R.P.S.

The System of the Sand

By Archibald Sullivan.

"YOU know," said Mrs. Monty Enfield in a shrill voice, "I have always had much more respect for grouse than the Ten Commandments. The grouse always move English society in August, whereas the Commandments never trouble them at all."

She had been thinking out the remark for quite ten minutes behind the purple ramparts of her veil, and sent it forth into the quivering Egyptian air with the complacency of one who launches a battleship. Her daughter moved a scarlet parasol mechanically from one shoulder to the other, and the bobbing neck shadow of a camel paused for one solitary second and then went on again.

Mrs. Monty Enfield patted the desert sand with her over-bejewelled fingers as though it were a pet animal, and her voice drilled its way out into the sunshine.

"It pleases me, dear, to think about something stable and respectable like grouse and English society. It gives me a species of mental and spiritual basis in this irregular country, where fleas and camels wage a perpetual war on the census papers. My mind has become a maze of historical inaccuracies, my hair a miniature desert in the production of sand, and my jewel-case a veritable hunk-shop for silver and lumps of coral that look like the results of a cheap operation."

She paused, and fanned herself with desperate energy. Again her daughter's parasol shifted, and the corner of the orange-coloured rug on which they sat lifted obediently to the hand of a scorching breeze and lay down again when it had passed.

Everywhere there was sand. It swept up to them in a molten ocean of unlimited amber, and they seemed to sail upon its breast like a derelict of broken colour. The brown of the camels stuck out in jagged outlines against the intense blue of the sky, and the drivers, motionless coloured bundles of white and yellow, at their feet. Far, far away there were palms, but they were the palms of a dream, misty and unsubstantial things of another world, that lacked half their being and stood like sentinel ghosts upon the horizon. Stray dunes of sand rose up in golden rebellion and kept their ranks with monotonous precision towards the west. Beyond these things there was nothing. Nothing but the sun-filled potency of heat and the quivering subjection of sand sweeping its way to the nowhere that must really be somewhere after all.

Mrs. Monty Enfield wrinkled the powdered white of her forehead and stared with subdued petulance at her daughter.

"I can't possibly understand," she began—then she stopped abruptly. The great silence of things seemed to fall upon her words and seize them as its prey. For the moment Mrs. Monty Enfield felt utterly useless in the scheme of things. It was a new sensation, and she paused with a matron-like modesty to enjoy it. Her daughter moved languidly, with a strange, serpent-like movement of the body, the scarlet parasol dipping the white of her face in a tinge of blood and splashing wild coloured shadows upon her gown. Mrs. Monty Enfield always felt rather afraid of her daughter. Perhaps it was for that reason she entrenched herself behind a rigorous rampart of boneless remarks and kept reality at bay.

A woman's face is either a public museum or an intensified holy of holies. There is no half-way house no intermediate temple where a shadow of the truth may be found. Zilla Enfield believed in a holy of holies A sacred secret seclusion that barred her lips and eyes to everyone—as yet. And those eyes were grey. Grey and yet not grey at all. Rather layers of quiet colour, each declining and each denying the presence of the other. Above them the gold hair was very heavy, as though weary with its own richness, and to-day, beneath the Egyptian sun, it seemed to be one with the great gold brooding of the sand. Mrs. Monty Enfield was full of petulant movement. A polite twitching of mind and body that caught her in both action and thought alike, dragging wheresoever it listed. Her voice rose and soared upwards like the dreary cry of a bird.

"Here we sit, Zilla, on an orange rug, overshadowed by camels that must be alive with fleas, without even a picture paper to look at. You cuddling your chin in your hands, as though it were a baby, and staring at the sand as I would stare at a Paquin model. Your mother——." Her hands fell with a hot, sounding thud into the lap of her linen gown.

The girl smiled, smiled almost insolently, moved again on the orange-coloured rug, as an animal would have moved. Then she raised her hand with an intelligent movement to her hair.

"This daily review of existing facts wearies me beyond description," she said slowly. "Anyway, what was our agreement?"

A camel filled the momentary silence as though it were a bowl with a discordant stream of sound, and staggered like a cheap automatic toy to its legs.

"I detest camels," said Mrs. Monty Enfield with sudden violence. "I hate the way they are put together and the mode their backs fit into their hind legs.

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For pure amateurishness in tailoring give me a camel. Yes, why are we here, sweltering like two over-dressed scorpions? Fried on this yellow rug like a couple of breakfast eggs. It's you, with your unreasonableness and your eternal whims. But my endurance can go no further."

She dragged feverishly at her chiffon veil, and the fan she waved beat mechanical precision against the pendant on her breast.

"Mother," said the girl slowly, "this is the very last of my whims you will have to put up with. After our two months here, I have promised you I'd marry. You know what I feel about him." Her hands clenched for an instant, and then the fingers became calmly curved again. Mrs. Monty Enfield sniffed twice behind her fan, and two theatrical tears glistened on her blonde eyelashes.

"It's to your advantage to marry, Zilla. Why, you must be thirty — thirty——." She counted methodically on her fingers.

"Thirty-two," said the girl with a laugh. She stretched her hands hurriedly over the edge of the rug, tunnelling them deep into the shifting warmness of the sand. She drew it towards her as some women draw their children or the hands of the men they love. For the moment her voice lost its hard, metallic ring, and she went on:

"You don't understand why I came here—why I wanted you to come. I came to gather in a reserve of peace for all the stormy days that must surely come. My marriage will be a polite, unscandaled failure from its very start; and in the very midst of it all I want to look back on this." Her hand went slowly out towards the sand and the statuesque stolidity of the Arabs. "A woman who marries should import her peace of mind with her wedding-gown, and not expect to create it afterwards. Marriage, mother, is a mental, physical turmoil, honoured by Society, licensed by the Church, and only severed by death or divorce. I know all this beforehand, so why grudge me anything—even the camels?"

She laughed, but not bitterly, and turned the straight whiteness of her profile towards her mother. Mrs. Monty Enfield stared.

"I don't know where you find the things you say, Zilla," she said at last. "You were fond of skipping and hide-and-seek when you were a child, and it all seems to have ended in a most extraordinary way."

The girl leaned forward on one elbow and tossed a box of chocolates into her mother's lap. Mrs. Monty Enfield's face took on the concentrated radiance of the Egyptian sun. She munched in silence. Peace—even peace of mind, can be bought for chocolates. Zilla Enfield watched her mother with a curious interest. Yes, it must be a God-given gift to be born with a filigree mind; a mind too frail for the big thoughts of life, and too honeycombed to retain the fretwork trivialities of this existence. She envied her mother—and envied her hard—— Her marriage—— She said the words once over to herself, then rubbed her fingers hastily over the sand, as though to obliterate them. After two months of this—this sand, this sanctified silence—there would be that to face—— Her marriage. An Arab raised his arm, and the uplifting of his draperies flicked across her mind like a flag. Then quite abruptly she sat up and stared far away into the yellowy-blue distance of the beyond. Her mother had fallen asleep. The tilt of her coquettish hat was utterly ridiculous, and a final chocolate had left a little brown pathway around her lips. She shifted her eyes slightly and took in every detail. Here there was nothing but the frail, trivial humour of utterly impossible things. The intoxicated tilt of a hat and the dark memorial of a half eaten chocolate. Her mind struggled with a mountain of thought, while the things of the present stood on one side pelting her with rose-petals. The late afternoon sky was gradually battling its way from blue to gold and from gold to rose colour. There was a parable in its progression. She, too, must move on. Things that were to come must move on also. No woman but Lot's wife ever stood still. There were two months before her. Two months in which she was to arrive at a new understanding of herself, and build up a rampart against the vague horror of married life. Mrs. Monty Enfield twitched lazily, one hand wandering over the orange rug in search of the lost chocolate. Then she sat up and looked towards her daughter. When she spoke, peevishness ran like a river behind her words.

"Whatever happens, we're going back to the hotel—now—at once. I've scorched all day for you, and now——"

Zilla Enfield moved quickly towards the camels, and the whimpering of the older woman became lost in the commotion of their start. The beasts rose, wild with complainings, and the draperies of their drivers broke into a new complexity of folds. Someone began to sing in a thin, high-pitched voice, and the sound was like a silver thread in the golden light of the sunset.

. . . . .

She loved the market-place. The wild colour of it beat into her eyes and its shrill-voiced commotion was an anthem dear to her ears. Then she actually felt the colour of it. Scarlet and purple and blue became living, rushing emotions beneath its magic. Yellow was a personal friend. White, a guard-dog that followed her everywhere. Brown, the face of a wizard hiding behind the piled-up pyramids of dates. Nothing was lifeless, nothing a mere element in the daily existence of the desert. All things lifted up a mighty voice of wedded individualism and sang to her through the endless quiver of the sun. Babies with but one rag on them rolled like brown beads at her feet. The rounded forms of bulging water-skins jogged her elbow. Draperies touched her hand and went on again like departing friends. There in the very midst of it all she saw him talking to her mother.

The moment caught her by the throat and would not let her go. All the colour of the place swam before her eyes and died down into a well of endless black. Then she slowly walked towards him. Walked with an extraordinary amount of effort. Her feet were dead things beseeching her mind for aid.

Mrs. Monty Enfield came quickly to her from the shade of the silversmiths' bazaar.

"Haven't I proved that a woman is able to keep a secret?" she chirruped. "I've known he was coming for ever so long."

She squeezed her daughter's arm with a sudden and unmotherly familiarity. Zilla grew white beneath the touch. The man was coming slowly towards them. She caught her breath and held it prisoner.

"You knew he was coming—you knew all the time—

mother." The last word fell from her lips like something poisonous.

But the hand she held out to him was perfectly steady. Behind her the little hammer of the silversmith was beating with delicate, clockwork precision. She seized on the sound, allowing one beat between each of her words.

"This—is—an—unexpected—surprise," she said.

"And pleasure, of course," added Mrs. Monty Enfield.

"And pleasure," repeated Zilla mechanically.

The man tilted a bitter little sun-scorched face up to the whiteness of hers.

"Love laughs at deserts," he said. And the beat of the silversmith's hammer was not harder than his voice.

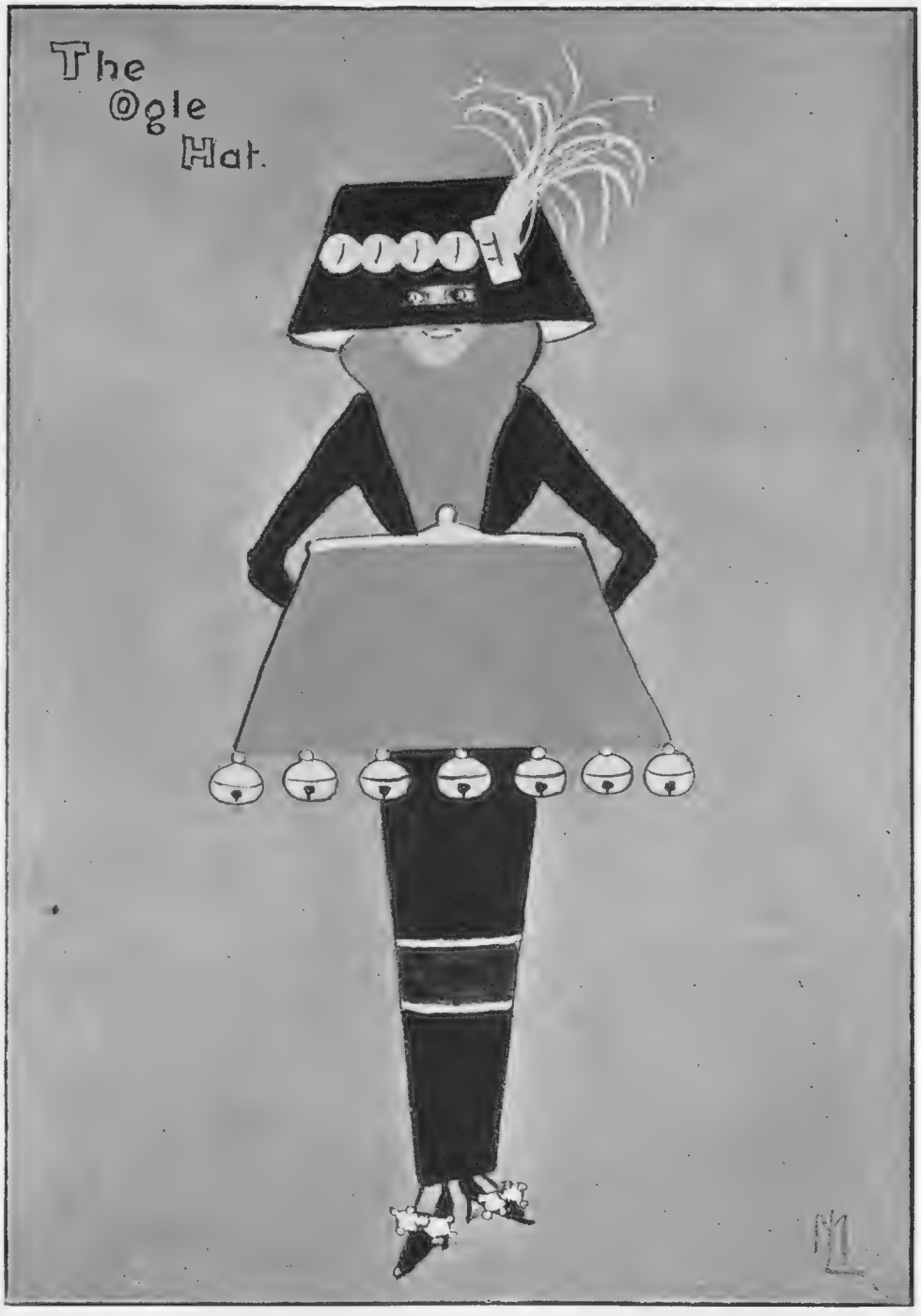
They moved further on, and the crowd surged round them like a rainbowed sea. Life came slowly back to her as though she were an invalid. So her two months had been stolen from her. She was to be given no time to settle the startled chaos of her mind. The shrill voice of her mother soared above the tumult like a bird.

"A desert wedding—romantic in the extreme. Zilla, I know, would be charmed; you know she is desert mad, and——"

The words beat down upon her like rain, and she slipped into the dim protection of an archway. Her mother passed, leaving behind her a trail of cheap, ecstatic words. Between them they were determined to rob her of everything. Rob her of even those last two months. The chill of the thing was upon her already. Would the sand, the sun, the desert do nothing? But it was rage that filled her and not sorrow. Rage so great that the very power of thought seemed asphyxiated beneath its fervour. She moved almost unconsciously further down the passage. Behind her the market-place was framed in miniature between the pillars of the archway—and beyond——? What lay beyond? She pushed blindly against a half-open door that swung easily upon its hinges; then, in the semi-darkness of the room, she stood perfectly still. The turmoil of the market had died as a child would have died, gradually and peacefully, into a perfect silence. The very dimness of the place was rest in itself. Nothing but vague shadow and a great quietness. In the far corner, on a dim strip of carpet, an old man murmured ceaselessly over the Koran, and the sound of his voice was as the sound of murmuring water at a great distance.

He had not even looked up at her when she entered, and only his voice bore testimony that he was alive.

Hardly conscious of what she did, she sat down on the



Bells on her muff, and Bells on her toes,
The up-to-date BELLE rings wherever she goes

BY LILLIE MARSHALL

low divan. Nothing seemed odd to her that day. Nothing peculiar. The figure on the strip of carpet rocked methodically to and fro, murmuring—always murmuring.

Her thoughts lifted again, like flowers after a storm. Here was peace; let her take it while she might. How they had tricked her between them! Dust in a woman's eyes is more painful than the knife at her breast, and her eyes at the moment were blinded by the dust of circumstance. Suddenly she became aware of words—words that she understood. The murmuring of the voice smote at her understanding, and the line of her body curved towards it. And as she listened she heard of the greatest of all Systems—the System of the Sand. She heard of the peace she longed for. The peace that can accept what is sent peacefully, simply because it *is* sent. She learnt of the sleep one may take in the very arms of calamity and wake to look beyond at the things which are to come. She grasped vaguely the brooding secret of the desert, the secret of infinite spaces and that one vast cure of silence. As she sat there, the daggers of Fate seemed withdrawn one by one from her heart. Did anything really matter? Was anything worth while? Why not accept, till there was no more to come—good, bad, indifferent? What was to be *must* be? Her wild struggles would not move it either to left or right; her tears—yes, her tears—what good were the very tears she shed? Though she was deep in Egypt, a verse that was not of Egypt wandered into her heart and stayed there, as though for refuge:

> The moving Finger writes; and having writ
> Moves on; nor all thy Piety nor Wit
> Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
> Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it.

Suddenly she looked up. The room was empty. How long the murmuring voice had been still she could not tell. Had there ever been a voice at all? Had she slept? Had she dreamed the comfort into her heart? She got up and passed slowly out into the market-place. The afternoon hush was over everything, and even the silversmith's little hammer was still. Four Arabs in white and yellow robes drowsed in the shadow of the Arcade, and at the far end a string of camels wandered by, like a broken necklace. The place was the place of a dream. Even the very doves were still on the dome of the mosque. She walked almost cautiously, as though afraid to break the afternoon spell clinging over everything. Whatever happened to her now, she could stand. If it was to be her marriage to-morrow she could stand even that. The scarlet parasol nodded across her shoulder like a gigantic flower as she climbed the blazing white steps of their little hotel. The quietness of the hour was supernatural, and the quietness of her heart, that, too, did not belong to earth. She passed idly down the dusky corridor towards their rooms. On either side the doors stood at attention, like numbered graves. Quite suddenly she held back the soft, swishing folds of her gown. Someone was crying, crying not softly, in an ecstasy of grief that could know no comfort, but crying with a wild vulgarity that set her nerves on the raw and dragged her lagging feet into a run. On the floor of their sitting-room she found her mother, her face buried in a pillow, and her ringed hands striking furiously against the matting with a dull, hopeless monotony of sound. She stood quite still, looking down at her. The older woman sat up, drawing locks of dishevelled hair aimlessly through her fingers. For the moment there were no more tears.

"Have you heard, Zilla?" she said, with feverish bitterness.

The girl still looked down in silence, and the blind flapped drearily in the hot, hot breeze.

"You may as well know it all at once—you can't marry him—his horse threw him, and——" again the head buried in the tear-stained pillow, and again the hard, harsh echo of her grief.

And still the girl looked down. One of her hands played idly with the parasol tassel—the other did nothing—feverishly.

"What more, mother?" said the girl at last.

The voice was even, very even, and in it there lay the sound of a great coldness. The words came up to her half stifled.

"Some old man came out of an archway—an archway—the market-place—George's horse shied—and—and——"

The girl turned quickly on her heel and left the room. She found the verandah of the little hotel deserted, and groped blindly for a chair.

Somewhere a dog howled wearily in the heat. On a flat roof in the distance a scarlet figure thumped methodically at a tom-tom, and the sounds fell about her like little stones. At last the dog was silent, and the tom-tom ceased to beat; the scarlet figure faded from the flat roof, and the great dead weight of perfect stillness sank over everything. But even in that she heard and felt the System of the Sand. ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN.

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The Literary Log

Rolled by Robert Ross

Poets' Club

At the Poets' Club, which meets at the Hotel Richelieu —in Oxford Street now—Mr. Laurence Binyon read a most interesting and illuminating little paper on technique in poetry. Mr. Maurice Hewlett, Grand President of the Poets, presided. There was a considerable flutter among the songsters, some of whom were under the impression that Mr. Binyon was advocating verse which comes from the academic head rather than poetry which comes from the unacademic heart. If I understood Mr. Binyon correctly, the point he wished insisted upon was that the structure of poetry was inclined to be neglected, and that perfection of technique need not, in the hands of a great poet, interfere with the inspiration. He warned his audience, however, against mechanism in verse, and echoed what I think is certainly worthy of note, the reaction against Swinburne. His criticism met with much less protest than I expected. Mrs. Henry Ainley played the gallant part of Lady Fairfax. Of course, that reaction which always sets in against popular poets was certain to follow sooner or later. Byron, Wordsworth, Tennyson, all suffered. That against Swinburne has come rather soon, and I think began some time before his death. Poets who are discovered after their death enjoy a much securer place on Parnassus. Shelley, Keats, and Blake are good instances of what I mean. Mr. Stephen Phillips, I fear, is beginning to suffer from a reaction already. The world has hardly taken him at Mr. Churton Collins's valuation. Nothing, however, can deprive him of the high distinction which must always belong to the author of "Marpessa" and "Christ in Hades." And if his plays lost him some adherents among the critical lovers of the highest poetry, he gained by their performance a hearing which few poets of our time have enjoyed. And, surely, if there is a reaction, it is the fault of Mr. Phillips himself, not of a fickle public.

"The New Inferno"

Mr. Phillips uses blank verse in a dangerously facile fashion, which recalls some of the poetry in Sheridan's "Critic." In *The New Inferno* (John Lane: 4*s.* 6*d.*) there are many fine lines and certain nobly expressed thoughts. But in his own words

> —Who shall draw the underrating line
> That separates the evil from the good?

You suspect the poet to be trifling with his readers when you come across this very blank verse:

> Is this not London, that the dome of Paul!!!

There are too many of a similar kind. However, everyone is interested in Hell. That of Mr. Phillips is pleasanter than Homer's, Virgil's, or Dante's. It is rather a Broad Church sort of Hell. A famous passage in Marlowe's "Faustus," adapted by Milton, has been expanded by the English poet. Practically it is on the model of "Every man his own lawyer," "Every man his own Hell." The final verse, "I saw the earthly sunrise pale the stars," is rather too near Dante's "*e quindi ascimmo a riveder le stelle.*" Comparisons are sulphurous. Mr. John Lane has also published in the same format, *Wild Fruit*, by Mr. Eden Phillpots. Though I don't want the fruit to be grown in a hot-house, I think it might be trained a little more. These numbers, among which will be found many of great beauty, would be none the worse for some of the technique about which Mr. Binyon talked at the Poets' Club. If there is one form where style is essential, it is the sonnet. Mr. Phillpots's sonnets are mere fourteen-lined lyrics, and produce the effect of someone practising scales, not touching the lyre or singing. The "Scythe Bearer" is on a much higher plane, and proves the poetical power of a writer better known for his achievements in the other melody of prose.

"The Girl's Head"

From the Bodley Head to *The Girl's Head* (Greening: 6*s.*) I must say (for the last time) "it is a far cry." How often have I tried to avoid that commonplace piece of diction. I am not going to tell Mr. Edgar Jepson's story; I will only excite your curiosity. A young baronet, who had only been a baronet for four days, was seated at breakfast when he observed a brown paper parcel among his letters. With a baronet's *sangfroid* he finished his meal. When he opened the parcel, expecting a present, purchased from Gamage's, he found a young lady's decapitated head. Whether it was suicide by post, and what the mystery or its explanation was, you must find out for yourselves. You won't regret buying Mr. Jepson's story, whether for a railway journey, a sleepless night, or a Christmas house-party. I strongly recommend the book to baronets who are open to temptations in these democratic days. They are so often carried away by parcels. Another good novel, in rather a different style, is *A Gentleman of Leisure*, by P. G. Wodehouse (Alston Rivers: 6*s.*). Like Mr. Edgar Jepson, the author is well known to novel readers. I am not sure but that this is so far his best book. I began to skim it, and ended by reading it. When you read a book it is almost desecration to review it, especially when you have enjoyed it. I abstain really for want of space.

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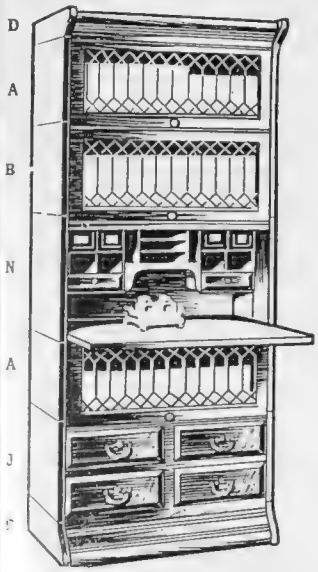

Fig. 1

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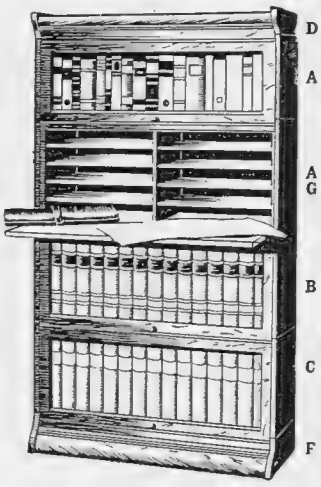

Fig. 2

Here you have a "Gunn" Model with three Book Sections and a Music Section.

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John Lane and the Poets

Yet again Mr. John Lane. I remember in the last century there used to be a joke (how poor it seems now!) about Mr. Lane's fondness for poets. "It's a John Lane that has no Elkin" celebrated the dissolution of a famous partnership. Mr. Lane not only made poetry pay, he really provided royalties for ungrateful bards. And even when poetry ceased to pay (a point on which Mr. Lane was once interviewed), he continues to issue poetry. Mr. Stephen Leacock is quite a new name to me. Is he a discovery of Mr. Lane? If so, my congratulations. He is not a poet, but a prose writer, and, what particularly appeals to me, an essayist.

Poets Going Strong

One of his most amusing *Literary Lapses* (3*s.* 6*d.* net) is on "The Passing of the Poet." As a prose member of the Poets' Club (prose members pay a guinea instead of 10*s.* 6*d.*), I invite the author to our next banquet. I think I can convince him that poets are *not* "destined to become extinct." Or if I cannot do so, Mr. Maurice Hewlett, Mr. Simpson, Mr. Tancred, and Miss Miriam Bloch will soon persuade him that poetry is going strong, or at least that poets are going strong. Indeed, I shall make Mr. Leacock become a member on the same terms as myself. He must read us a paper on the "Extinction of Poetry." I fear he will be routed in the debate which always follows our little lectures. We have no connection with the much-advertised "Poetry Recital Society." We don't go in for smart names. Charles Lamb, it will be recalled, when asked to meet the sons of Burns, said that it was a pity the father was not coming. A Scotchman observed that was impossible as Burns was dead.

"Lady John Russell"

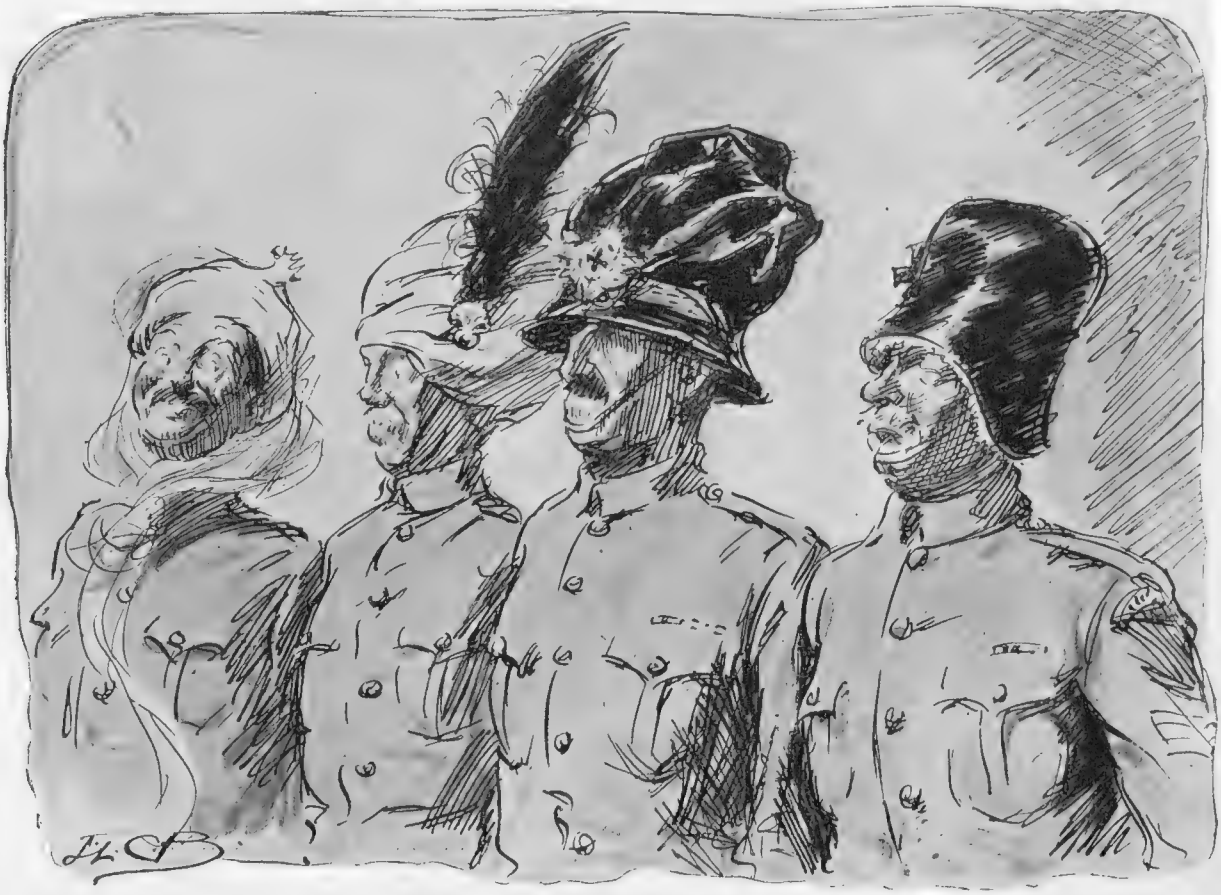
If you prefer biography to fiction, read the memoirs of *Lady John Russell*, edited by Mr. Desmond Macarthy and Lady Agatha Russell. The greater part of the book, we learn from the graceful preface of Lady Agatha Russell, is due to her collaborator. This is a rare acknowledgment, for which one must be truly thankful. Too many memoirs are written by "ghosts," who are never given the credit for what they have done. Mr. Desmond Macarthy is a scholar and also an editor of experience. He has been allowed to exercise discrimination. To find an advocate of post-impressionism handling early Victorian subjects is not a little piquant. A peculiar distinction of these memoirs is that they are true. I hope that will not "put off" any readers. I know a false past is much more popular.

"The Gates"

Those who appreciate good prose in their novels, and are not too priggish to like a good story, will be absorbed by a novel called *The Gates*, which are never more than *entre ouverts*. You are left with a delightful sensation that the author has a lot more to say, and that Mr. John Murray disapproved and begged him to be more reticent or he might never enjoy the honour of a long article about himself in the *Quarterly Review*.

ROBERT ROSS.

INFANTRY HEADDRESS—OF THE FUTURE?



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BY J. L. C. BOOTH

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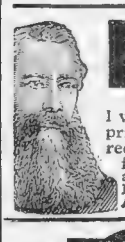

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GAMES AND PASTIMES (?)

American Football: Restarting the Game from a "Down"
At the Crystal Palace last Thursday a match between the teams of the American battleships, *Idaho* and *Vermont*, was won by the *Idaho's* (who are champions of the U.S. Navy) by 19 points to *nil*

AMERICAN FOOTBALL

An Essentially Bad Game

The exhibition game of American football at the Crystal Palace last Thursday left us cold, figuratively as well as literally—that is to say, all of us who were not Americans—for there was no question about *their* enthusiasm. It evidently takes an American born and bred to appreciate American football, and I can only reaffirm my astonishment, which I have expressed in THE BYSTANDER before now, that such a civilised and intelligent race as our Transatlantic cousins should set so much store by a stupid and brutish game. I freely admit that it was only an exhibition game, but it enabled one to realise what the state of affairs would be in a match on a hard ground between two evenly balanced teams, both "out for blood."

Its Spectacular Dulness

From a spectacular point of view the game strikes one as positively dull. It is simply a succession of *mêlées*, with very little of the open play that we revel in in Rugger, and the waits, whenever a "down" occurs, and the players are reforming for the purpose of making or repelling (as the case may be) the next attack, become quite annoying. Then, again, the play is regulated by secret code words; so that

"One Down T'other Come On"
Reserve men ready to take the places of injured players

"Hail! Hail! The Gang's all Here."
Excited American handy-men watching the fray. The song with the above refrain was sung vociferously whenever the *Idaho's* scored

it requires courage, strength, and some skill in order to play it well, but the impression left on the mind at the conclusion of a game is one of irritation at the thought that so much courage, strength, and skill should have been wasted over a game that has nothing to recommend it as a game. We all know that there are good games and bad games; the American game is essentially a bad game. It is all the better for a game if the element of danger enters into it, but the American game is too dangerous, and puts too high a premium on mere brute force. It seems, in fact, to possess all the demerits—very much accentuated—and none of the merits of our own Rugby Union game. The game the other day was very one-sided; it was played on a very soft ground, and only the attacking side know what they are really driving at. The defending side have to divine what is intended, and act accordingly. This is one of the alleged beauties of the game, but it, of course, tends to mystify the spectator even more than the opposing team. Indeed, I doubt whether even the onlooker who is thoroughly versed in the game can follow it with any degree of conviction. At the Palace it was really more amusing to watch the American sailors who were looking on enjoying the game after their peculiar fashion, yelling, shouting, and gesticulating as though they were possessed of devils. It may be that America will one day be converted to our game; it is certain that we shall never be converted to hers.

An Armoured Cruiser
Showing the way in which players are padded and otherwise protected

By Field, Stream and Covert

Driving for Snipe at Viscount Galway's Shoot at Scriby Hall, Bawtry, Yorkshire

The Windsor Shoot

Perhaps the pheasants in Windsor Great Park do not fly so high as those at Sandringham, where forty years of intelligent management of the coverts have created possibilities of sport which tax to the utmost the skill of the shooters. Still, the big woodlands in the Great Park are well stocked, exceptionally so this year, and the King and a party of friends, including the Duke of Teck, the Duke of Devonshire, and Lord Chesterfield, enjoyed fine sport there last week. As usual, His Majesty contributed his full proportion to the bag. It was remarked that he was shooting as well as ever, his power of judging pace and direction being exceedingly keen. The King is an all-round man with the gun. He is equally good with driven partridges or towering pheasants, and perhaps he sometimes thinks of the good time he had under less comfortable conditions in his younger days, when he was ready to pass many hours on the forlorn flats of The Wash, intercepting the wildfowl during their flight from the feeding-grounds to the sea. He proved himself the true enthusiast then, not averse to encountering a good deal of inconvenience so long as he got the sport.

The Hon. Henry Coventry's Shoot Last Week: Guests at Stonor Park

Left to right (*standing*): Hon. Mrs. Ailwyn Fellowes, Lord Willingdon, Hon. Henry Coventry, Princess Victor Dhuleep Singh, Hon. Mrs. Henry Coventry, Prince Victor Dhuleep Singh. (*Seated*): Hon. Ailwyn Fellowes, Lord Ashburton, Mr. Flemming, M.P.

With the Guns

Last week the cold snap which kept many packs of hounds in their kennels for a day or two did not interfere with the various shooting-parties which had been arranged. On the contrary, the bright, dry days and the clear, exhilarating air of the early part of the week proved very favourable for covert work, and in most cases the sport was all that could be desired. I can speak at least for a day at Stonor Park, where the guns were Mr. Henry Coventry, Prince Dhuleep Singh, Lord Ashburton, Lord Willingdon, Mr. Ailwyn Fellowes, and Mr. Arthur Portman. One of them tells me that they killed 1,150 pheasants, as well as a few various, and describes the day as "simply splendid." Most shooters know the thrill of excitement caused in the coverts when a woodcock is flushed, a tribute to the comparative rarity of the bird in most parts of the country, but in the Highlands they would seem to be plentiful enough this winter. In three days' shooting in Inverness-shire recently four guns killed, in addition to other game, no fewer than 147 of these birds, which is believed to be a record bag of woodcock for Scotland. A. W. C.

"CARBINE'S" RACING NOTIONS

Jumping at Kempton

I do not think the flat-racing season which ended on Saturday will live very long in memory. The death of its greatest supporter was a saddening feature, from which it never recovered from the social standpoint. We had no really great horses, for even Bayardo's record was tarnished by his defeat at Goodwood, while Lemberg ran so badly at Paris that he cannot be more than an average Derby winner. On the whole, it was a bad year for the favourites, though readers of these notes may be interested to know that an investment of £10 upon each of our selections during the season would have yielded the modest profit of £326. And now we have the jumping season in front of us, and I hope the winter will produce something capable of tackling Cackler and Jerry M. on equal terms, for Mr. Assheton-Smith's cracks have dominated the situation long enough, and we want new blood to give an added zest to the cross-country game. The chief meeting of the present week will be Kempton Park, where on Friday Lady Torrington may follow recent successes by winning the Uxbridge Steeplechase with **Circassian's Pride**. The same stable may take the Kempton Park Hurdle Handicap with **Abelard II.**, in whose absence I should rely on **Domino**. On the second day my selections are **Springbok** for the Moderate Steeplechase and **Eey Falo** for the Sunbury Hurdle Race.

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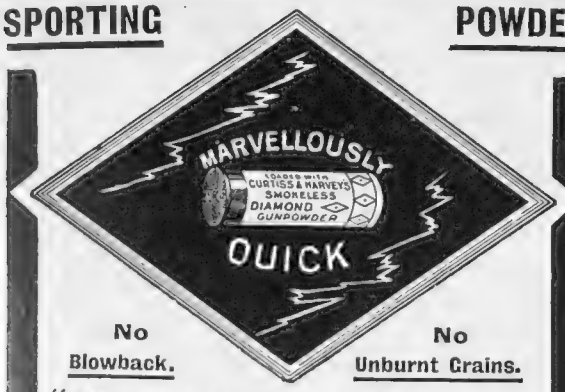

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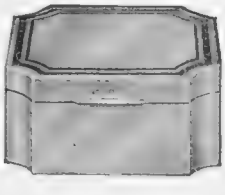

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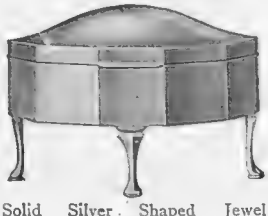

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GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

A Defect in the Rules for Stroke Competitions

That there is no finality about the present Code of Rules was proved by the alterations and additions made at the autumn meeting of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club. A case has recently occurred which shows that Stroke Rule 4 is in serious need of revision. I will state the case first, and then quote the rule governing it. In the Open Championship of the River Plate, which was held near Buenos Ayres in September last, and which consists of four rounds of medal play, two players tied for the second place, but were disqualified because, before starting on the morning of the second day of the competition, they had practised on the putting-greens, even going so far as to hole out their balls. The question, therefore, arises whether their disqualification was correct according to Stroke Rule 4. That rule runs as follows: "Rule 4: (1) New Holes.—New holes should be made on the day on which Stroke Competitions begin. (2) Practice on day of Competition.—On the day of the competition, before starting, no competitor shall play on, or on to, any of the putting-greens, nor shall he intentionally play at any hole of the stipulated round which is within his reach, under penalty of disqualification."

The Interpretation of Rule IV.

Now the important parts of the above rule are the first part as to cutting new holes, and the words "on the day of the competition" in the second section. In the case of the River Plate Championship no new holes were cut on the second day. Those, therefore, who disagree with the decision which disqualified the players who practised before starting on the second day argue that the decision is wrong, because no new holes had been cut on the second day, and because the rule only forbids practice before starting "on the day of the competition." There is much to be said for this view on a strict and literal interpretation of the rule as it stands. But in view of the fact that the compilers of the Code must have had in their minds the fact that our Open Championship occupies more than one day, it is possible to argue that the words "on the day of the competition" may be applied to each successive day of a competition which is played on two or more consecutive days. It will be noted that the first part of the rule as to cutting new holes is not imperative, the words "should be made" being used, not "must be made" or "shall be made," and I find that, as a matter of fact, the practice as to cutting holes for a Championship varies on different courses.

What is Wanted

Now, it is clear that the intention of the rule is to prevent any player from stealing a march on his adversaries by acquiring a knowledge of the putting-greens before starting. In my view, it is not so much the position of the holes as the strength of the greens which puzzles players. Let us suppose that the greens on the first day of a Championship are keen and fast, but that during the night heavy rain falls which alters their condition. It is evident that if competitors are permitted to practise on the greens before starting on the second day, the late starters will get an enormous and unfair advantage over the early starters, who will have no time for practice before starting. As the present rule now stands, it apparently only refers to one-day competitions. It is obvious, therefore, that it ought to be altered with as little delay as possible. The first part ought to be made mandatory, and perhaps ought to be made applicable to each succeeding day of a consecutive competition, while the second part should prohibit practice before starting on the first or any succeeding day of a consecutive competition. ERNEST LEHMANN.

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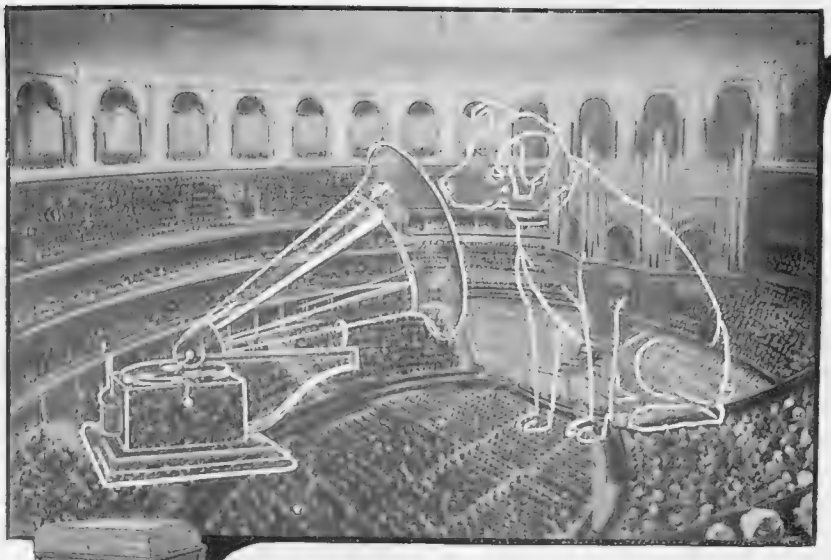

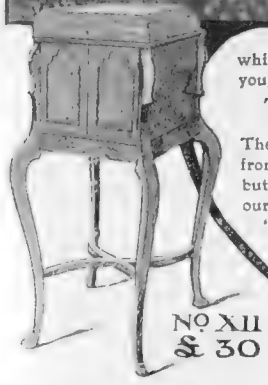

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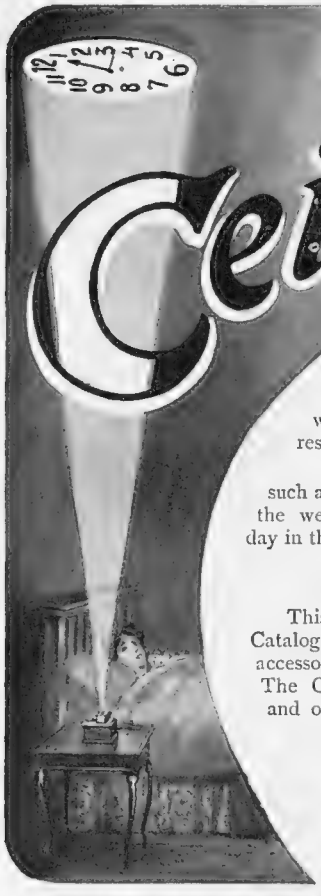

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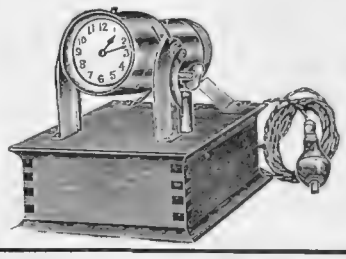

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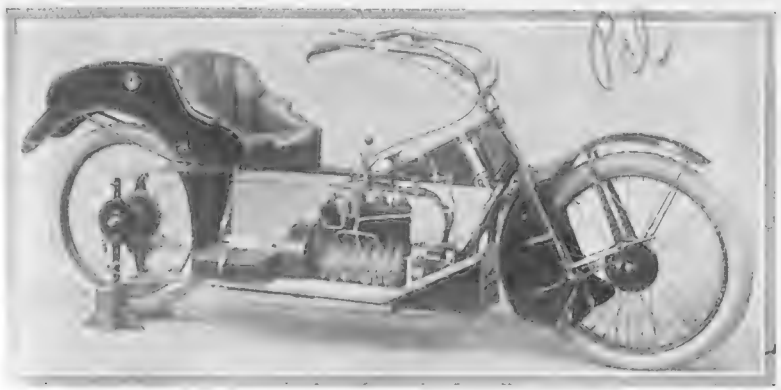
MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

Olympia Yet!

To make Olympia the text for yet another homily seems to call for apologies. We may have too much even of a good thing, and many motorists have doubtless had as much as they can comfortably stand of Olympia. It is natural. An old master in a marine store is one thing. Its setting merely serves to bring into greater relief the cunning artistry of the picture. Even a layman may appreciate some of its virtues so. But hang it in the noblest gallery full to overflow with similar expressions of the art of great craftsmen, and its attractions for the layman have been swamped, while even the expert, unless he be particularly concerned with this one painting, will generally flag long before he is through the gallery. There are few things more tiring than the close survey of a large art collection, and for much the same reasons a motor exhibition, or a surfeit of comment upon a motor exhibition, will pall upon even the expert motorist. I order myself humbly before my readers, therefore, because I am again to drag in Olympia. Let the sufficient excuse (as I trust it may prove) be that although the building is the same, the contents are different.



Car Practice

The 4½ h.-p. T.A.C. is largely a car in miniature so far as engine and transmission are concerned. Four-cylinder engine, clutch, gear-box, and shaft-drive are all here. Note also the bucket seat and control lever

NOTABLE NOVELTIES AT OLYMPIA MOTOR-CYCLE SHOW

The Single Track Motorist

This time it is a motor-cycle show. With a bare week between, every vestige of the car exhibition has been cleared, and in its place is the most completely representative collection of motor-cycles and (but only incidentally) pedal cycles that has ever been holden in this or any other country since the industry had its rise. And although it has failed to attract the immense audiences that daily foregathered at the automobile show, this of the motor-cycle is, I imagine, easily the most successful in point of attendances (as well as exhibits) that we have ever known—certainly the most successful of my recollection. That has been due to the cycle and motor-cycle manufacturers taking a leaf out of the book of their elder brethren in the car trade. Until now the organisation of an annual cycle show has been the work of the Stanley Club (latterly the Stanley Show, Ltd.), but this year the manufacturers have themselves laboured and brought forth—Olympia! The result is eloquent of several things, but mainly of sound organisation crowned by a great success. This may be the harbinger of many such shows (indeed, it has been already decided to repeat the experiment next year); but whatever the future brings, the present has fully justified the action of the manufacturers—as combination always must when intelligently directed.

The Importance of Being a Motor-Cyclist

To discuss motor-cycles here is, I grant, exceptional, but the motorist major will not fail to remember, first, that the single-track machine was the pioneer road-vehicle to be propelled by an internal combustion engine; second, that it is for many the compromise, or bridge, or half-way house (if the figure pleases) between the democratic pedal bicycle and the final expression of road transport (the car), and, therefore, must be regarded as a part of the evolutionary process that ultimately produces the motorist; and third, that the number of motor-cyclists probably considerably exceeds to-day the sum of the car-motorists of this Kingdom popularly alleged to be United. Incidentally, because of the tremendous increase in exports of motor-cycles and parts, it is by way of being a classic case for use by political dialecticians, who, I imagine, may be relied upon to

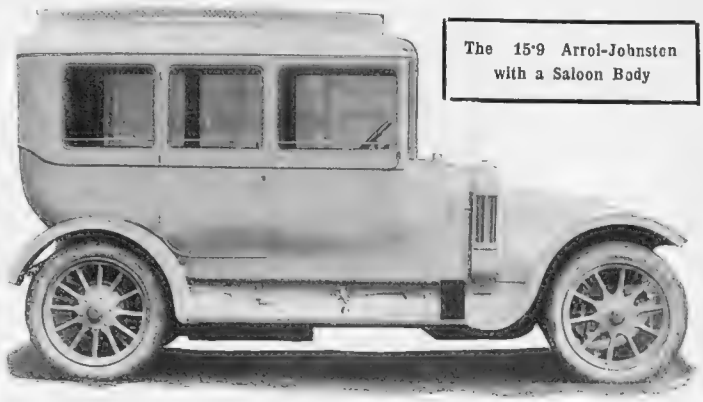
Another Richmond

The Green engine is known already by land, sea, and sky. Its makers are now in the field with a complete motor-cycle fitted with a 3½ h.-p. engine, water cooled

wear it threadbare during the progress of what Artemus would have called the "grate fite" into which we have been somewhat indecently hustled. On all these, and some other, grounds there is good reason to make a place for the motor-cycle in these columns.

A Cheap and Handy Adjunct

By the time this appears the show will be history, but I would urge moto ists to take any opportunity that offers in the future to inspect as closely as possible the engine and transmission of these wonderful little vehicles. They will then find a very concrete reason for the fleet celerity of the motor-cycle on the road, and understand why, particularly upon hills, the advantage of speed is invariably with their little brother of the wheel. The modern motor-cycle is a most perfect example of the point which the engineer has reached in the development of the internal combustion engine. Very light, delicate of construction almost to fragility, the cycle engine is a marvel of metallurgical mechanics. Efficient as the best car engine, transmitting its power through a belt or chain (mostly belt) with a device for freeing the engine from the rear (driving) wheel, and with a two or a three-speed gear mechanism, it provides a means of transport at once easy of control and swift of movement. With a side car carrying passenger and luggage, and relying upon no more than a 3½ h.-p. single-cylinder engine, I recently undertook a trip of well over 1,000 miles, during which I was able to average a speed well up against the legal limit, and to mount tortuous hills which many four-cylinder cars of 20 h.-p. could only negotiate with much labour upon their lowest gears. That is the modern motor-cycle. As the little two-seater runabout is to the big car-owner, so may the motor-cycle be to the small car-owner. Exceedingly cheap to run either solus or with side-car, it is handy and companionable. I commend its merits to all whom it may concern most heartily.



The 15·9 Arrol-Johnston with a Saloon Body

HOBSON-POGNON PLUGS.—Their longevity is phenomenal. A user writes: "The plugs are fitted to a car which has run about 25,000 miles." Fit them to your car. BOUGIE-POGNON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

A 65 h.-p. six-cylinder Napier car travelled from London t Edinburgh and back without changing speed. This is a record. The petrol consumption was one gallon for every 19·35 miles Six-cylinder Napier cars are British and best.

A new Gift for users of Lemco

Every user of Lemco may secure a set of Lemco Spoons absolutely Free. These Lemco Bouillon Spoons have been specially designed by the well-known firm of Elkington & Co., Ltd, 22, Regent Street, S.W. and 73, Cheapside, E.C.; they are of Standard Silver Plate, warranted to give twenty years of everyday wear; their superb finish and distinctive pattern will add elegance to the most refined table.

Lemco.

LEMCO contains no colouring, vegetable or otherwise; it is neither thickened with cheapening admixtures nor bulked out with water; its flavour is the flavour of beef, and beef alone. Lemco is guaranteed absolutely pure.

Lemco.

If you do not yet use Lemco, now surely is the time to start. If you as yet know nothing of Lemco's excellence, now surely is the time to learn.

LEMCO is absolutely free from fat, which makes it superior to beef-tea for invalids and those of weak digestion.

LEMCO is the most highly concentrated form of pure beef obtainable; it goes further than preparations of similar character

The Spoons can be obtained FREE as follows:

1 spoon for coupons representing 160z. Lemco, and 2d. in stamps to cover postage.
2 spoons " " 2 lbs. " 2d. " "
3 " " " 3 " " 2d. " "
4 " " " 4 " " 3d. " "
5 " " " 5 " " 3d. " "

The set of six spoons in handsome satin-lined case for coupons representing 6 lbs. Lemco, and 1/4 d. in stamps to cover packing and postage. The Coupon will be found under the capsule. This offer is open till October 31, 1911.

LEMCO, 4, LLOYD'S AVENUE, LONDON E.C.

The Bystander, November 30, 1910

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 365.—Vol. XXVIII. Wednesday, November 30, 1910 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

Telephone: **HAMPTON & SONS** 37 GERRARD

ESTATE AGENTS AUCTIONEERS VALUERS

CHILTERN HILLS DISTRICT.

600ft. high. Electric light. Heated.

GARAGE. STABLING. COTTAGE.

BUCKS.—Fine position, 40 minutes from Town. Huntercombe Golf Course 30 minutes by motor.—For SALE, delightful old RESIDENCE, modernised in excellent order, quite secluded in nicely timbered grounds and meadow-land of over 12 acres. Carriage drive. Nice reception and inner halls, fine drawing room (25ft. by 18ft. 6in.), elegant dining room (19ft. 6in. by 18ft. 3in.), each with polished oak floor, morning room, complete offices with servants' hall, 13 bed and dressing, 2 bathrooms, etc. Good water supply. Drainage recently re-done. Heated garage and stabling. Electric light throughout house and buildings. Tennis and croquet lawns, 2 kitchen gardens, putting green, greenhouse, frames, and orchard. Village with church, post and telegraph office under a mile.—Strongly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

BERKSHIRE.

Within easy reach of the

FAMOUS SUNNINGDALE GOLF COURSE.

£130 PER ANNUM, or £2,600 (or offer), will be accepted from immediate tenant or purchaser for this extremely picturesque old-fashioned RESIDENCE, containing

Square hall, drawing room, dining room, | *conservatory, 7 bedrooms, fitted bathroom.* | *2 staircases, capital domestic offices.*

Stabling for 3, coach-houses, groom's room, etc. 2 cottages. Outbuildings.

BEAUTIFUL OLD-WORLD GARDENS,

tennis and other lawns, shrubberies, and pasture-land, in all about 12 acres.—Details of the Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

FURNISHED FOR A YEAR.

Delightfully situated, near Ashdown Forest.

EAST GRINSTEAD (commanding grand views, and within 1½ miles of the links). — Picturesque old RESIDENCE, beautifully modernised and surrounded by about 60 acres. Good hall, charming drawing room, quaint old dining room, fine BILLIARD ROOM, study, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bath (h. and c.). Stabling and garage. Gas. Sandstone soil.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

60 ACRES.

COTSWOLD HUNT.

£150 PER ANNUM, OR FOR SALE, FREEHOLD.—Beautiful old ELIZABETHAN HOUSE, modernised and enlarged, in excellent taste. Most picturesquely placed on lower slopes of the Cotswolds, with

LOVELY VIEWS.

Near favourite town. Lounge hall, 3 reception, 11 bed and dressing, fitted bathroom. Stabling for 8. Cottage. Lovely old garden, paddock, orchard, etc. Close to small village and church. Exceptionally convenient for hunting. — Recommended by Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

TO RACING MEN AND OTHERS.

Freehold, £1,950, or would Let on Lease.

NEWMARKET HEATH (6 miles from).—Picturesque old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing high, with pretty views. 3 reception, 8 bedrooms (1 large enough for billiard room), bathroom, etc. Stabling for 5; 2 cottages. Good gardens, tennis lawn, and meadow.

IN ALL 7 ACRES.

—Details of the Solicitors, Messrs. SEWELL and MAUGHAM, 54, Faubourg St. Honore, Paris; or of the Agents, Messrs. POWELL and Co., Lewes, Sussex; and HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Offices: 2 & 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (3 lines)

IN THE CENTRE OF THE BICESTER HUNT.

TO BE SOLD, OR LET, FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED.

THIS OLD-FASHIONED STONE-BUILT MANOR HOUSE occupies a pleasant position on gravel soil with South aspect, in pretty grounds of some 3½ acres. Accommodation: lounge hall, billiard, 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and well-arranged domestic offices; stabling for 2, coach-house, etc.; modern drainage. Near golf. Shooting could be rented.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,870)

OCCUPYING A HIGH POSITION WITH EXTENSIVE WOODLAND AND SEA VIEWS.

RENT, UNFURNISHED, £130 PER ANNUM.

1½ HOURS OF LONDON (1 mile of a station).—To be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, this attractive OLD MANOR HOUSE, standing in delightful old grounds. Accommodation: 3 reception, 10 bedrooms, bathroom, and ample domestic offices; stabling for 3, coach-house, etc.; several cottages could be rented; old-world gardens, tennis and croquet lawns, and excellent kitchen garden. Hunting and shooting in the neighbourhood. £500 has recently been spent on the Property.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,441)

A GENUINE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE.

LEASE TO BE ASSIGNED OR THE FREEHOLD MIGHT BE SOLD.

30 MINUTES FROM TOWN.—The above beautiful old ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE, dated 1590, and containing some exceptionally fine old panelling. The accommodation includes very large lounge hall, with magnificently carved chimneypiece and wide open fireplace, 4 reception rooms (3 completely panelled), 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; electric light throughout; Com any's water, telephone, and main drainage; old-world pleasure grounds with lawns, orchard, and meadows, in all about 10 acres.—Particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W. (F 1,665)

CORNWALL. WITHIN A DRIVE OF TAVISTOCK.

WITH GROUNDS OF 10 ACRES OR UP TO 230 ACRES.

TO BE SOLD, the above substantial RESIDENCE, delightfully situated amongst some of the most beautiful scenery in the South-West of England. It stands in well-timbered grounds of 8 to 10 acres and extensive parklands, etc.; in all 230 acres. The accommodation comprises: large hall and vestibule, 3 reception rooms, about 17 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; good fishing included, and salmon fishing within easy reach; farmery and cottages, etc.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

IN A DEER PARK OF 100 ACRES.

WESTERN MIDLANDS.—To be LET, partly Furnished, for a term of years, a GEORGIAN MANSION, occupying a magnificent position commanding almost limitless views of hill and dale, and approached by 2 carriage drives with entrance lodges. Accommodation: fine lounge hall billiard, 5 reception, 23 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and ample domestic offices; private Roman Catholic Chapel and priest's house; stabling for 11; the grounds are nicely timbered and quite inexpensive to keep up. There are about 3 MILES OF TROUT FISHING. 3,000 acres (or more) of shooting surrounding the Property could be rented.—Full particulars, photos, etc., of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (F 1,575)

THE GROVE, TURNER'S HILL, SUSSEX.

NEARLY 600FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL, OVERLOOKING SOME OF THE FINEST SCENERY IN THE COUNTY.

TO BE SOLD, the above stone-built RESIDENCE, standing in park and woodlands of about 88 acres, magnificently timbered. The House contains: hall and ante-room, 3 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, etc.; stabling and buildings, 2 cottages, 2 lodges, and farmery.—Full particulars of the Sole Agents, KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (3 lines)

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

IO. MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

HERTS.

¾-HOUR BY RAIL FROM MARYLEBONE OR BAKER STREET.

TO BE SOLD, the above well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a secluded position, and commanding fine views over the Colne Valley. It stands high, and contains: hall, dining and drawing room, 7 bedrooms, sitting or bedroom, bath; double conservatory; well-equipped garage; complete installation of acetylene gas, telephone, modern drainage; splendid water supply; prettily timbered grounds of 1 acre; NEAR 2 GOLF LINKS.—Personally inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,705)

ABOUT 1 HOUR FROM TOWN.

2½ miles from the Bishop's Stortford Golf Course.

TO BE SOLD, OR LET, Furnished, to the middle of April, 1911, or by the year, or Unfurnished on Lease, the above unusually charming and desirable RESIDENCE, standing on gravelly loam soil, 300ft. above sea level, most conveniently arranged, and completely fitted with every modern convenience. It contains: very fine hall (about 44ft. by 22ft.), 4 reception rooms, 19 bed, dressing and bathrooms, and complete offices; there is stabling for 5, coach or motor-houses, coachman's and gardener's cottages; delightfully timbered, well-shaded pleasure grounds, productive kitchen gardens, and ample amount of glass; water laid on, main drainage; hunting with 2 packs. A very moderate Purchase or Rent would be accepted for this choice property.—Full particulars, WALTON and LEE, Mount Street, W. (20,382)

SURREY.

40 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

IN A BEAUTIFUL DISTRICT, about 600ft. above sea level.

TO BE SOLD, the above well-built RESIDENCE, situated amidst well-timbered surroundings; it is approached by a long carriage drive, through a beautiful wood, with lodge entrance; it contains: outer and inner halls, 4 spacious reception rooms, boudoir, 14 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual domestic offices; the well-timbered grounds include full-sized tennis and croquet lawns, walled kitchen garden, glasshouses, and small bungalow; stabling for 4, with coach-house; 3 rooms for men.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (21,364)

BEAUTIFUL RURAL DISTRICT (although only about 12 miles from London, 1 mile from station with excellent service of trains to the City and West End).—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, a charming RESIDENCE, unusually well appointed throughout, and surrounded by beautiful grounds, gardens, woods, and grass lands of about 15 acres. Contains: handsome suite of reception rooms, billiard room, about 14 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and offices; water laid on, modern drainage; good stabling and outbuildings. UNDOUBTEDLY ONE OF THE CHOICEST PLACES OF ITS KIND NOW AVAILABLE.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (20,772)

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK BORDERS.

WITHIN EASY REACH OF THE BROADS.

£1,600 will PURCHASE the above charming RESIDENCE and about 5 acres of inexpensive pleasure grounds, productive kitchen garden, and paddocks; approached by carriage drive with lodge, and containing: 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling, cottage, etc.; exceptional boating and golfing facilities.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,167)

BURY ST. EDMUNDS (4 miles from).—The above genuine old GEORGIAN COUNTRY HOUSE and about 100 ACRES for SALE at a reduced price, or would be LET, Unfurnished; grandly timbered surroundings, miniature park; stabling for 7, cottages, farm-buildings; old lawns and pleasure grounds, kitchen and fruit gardens: 15 bed and dressing rooms, large reception rooms, billiard hall; near station; first-class hunting, shooting, and social district.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,735)

EXCEPTIONAL GOLFING FACILITIES AND EASY DISTANCE OF SANDWICH LINKS.

THE ABOVE VERY ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE, standing high, amidst pretty grounds and gardens of about 2 acres; bracing situation, fine views: 3 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and offices; modern drainage; good water supply; small stabling, motor-house. Low price.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,263)

£7,000 WILL PURCHASE the FREEHOLD of a choice RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of over 70 acres, within ¾ of an hour by rail from Town. The Property comprises the above medium-sized Mansion, reached by a carriage drive, with 5-roomed lodge at entrance. It faces South, and contains: noble hall rising to the roof with dome light, suite of good reception rooms, about 13 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, and capital domestic offices, including servants' hall; stabling for 5, coach-house with coachman's quarters, and garage; well-planned pleasure grounds, with tennis and croquet lawns, inexpensive of maintenance, walled kitchen garden and orchard, and sound meadow-land, about 73 acres in all; hunting with 2 packs.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (20,301)

SURREY HILLS.

700FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

THIS CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE will be SOLD, or LET, Unfurnished, on Lease. It is approached by carriage drive with lodge entrance, and contains: entrance hall and inner hall (40ft. by 20ft.), 3 other spacious reception rooms, 17 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms; ample stabling at a convenient distance from the Residence; gardener's cottage; beautiful old pleasure grounds, 2 tennis and croquet lawns, large kitchen garden, in all 15 ACRES; electric light throughout; Company's water, telephone, modern drainage; gravel and sand soil; additional land up to 90 acres by arrangement.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,536)

Telegrams: "Everything, London"

HARRODS (LTD.)

BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.

Telephone: Kensington 3300 (60 lines).

ESTATE AGENTS

AUCTIONEERS

A VERY CHEAP PROPERTY.

£1,800.—L. and S.W. Ry. (40 minutes from London).—A really attractive FREEHOLD COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing in
EXCEEDINGLY PRETTY GROUNDS OF 2 ACRES,
with tennis lawn, rose garden, and pergola, well-stocked kitchen garden, orchard, and paddock: 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing, bath, etc.; gas and water laid on; gravel soil.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

A VERY GREAT BARGAIN.
Commanding lovely views.

£950.—BATTLE (Sussex).—An attractive FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, standing in pretty grounds of about 1 acre: lounge hall, reception room (28ft. 10in. by 15ft.), 2 other sitting rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, studio; stable and cottage.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

KENT (near Maidstone; within 1 mile of a station). — "DITTON PLACE," LARKFIELD, an attractive old-fashioned RESIDENCE, well away from the road, approached by a long carriage drive with lodge entrance, and standing in pretty grounds and
WELL-TIMBERED MINIATURE PARK OF ABOUT 28 ACRES.
Entrance hall, 3 reception, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' hall, etc.; stabling for 4; excellent farmery, and 2 cottages. The Farm and 1 Cottage are let off at £100 per annum, leaving the house and grounds in hand.—Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.) have been favoured with instructions to SELL the above by PRIVATE TREATY or by AUCTION in the spring. Inspected and strongly recommended.

£1,000 GNS.—SURREY HILLS (10 minutes from station; standing high; lovely views). — Exceptionally well-built HOUSE: 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom; ¾ acre, more land up to 7 acres can be had.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

£950.—BRACKNELL.—Lovely old-fashioned COTTAGE RESIDENCE, within 10 minutes of station: OLD-OAK-BEAMED CEILINGS, 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; pretty grounds of 1 acre.—Strongly recommended from inspection by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

£1,000.—GENUINE OLD-FASHIONED FIFTEENTH-CENTURY COTTAGE RESIDENCE, situated on the outskirts of an old-world village on the borders of Berks and Oxon: 2 reception rooms, with old open fireplaces, 6 bedrooms; stabling; OLD-WORLD GROUNDS OF ABOUT 1 ACRE; boating and fishing in River Thame.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

PRICE REDUCED TO £2,700.
SHOULD BE SEEN AT ONCE.

CHILTERN HILLS.—The above attractive, artistically designed RESIDENCE, built at great expense for owner's own occupation; standing high;
COMMANDING GOOD VIEWS.
Lounge hall, 3 reception, billiard room, bathroom, 3 w.c.'s, servants' hall; motor-house, bungalow, and cottage; pretty grounds and picturesque woodland of 6 acres.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

OWNER GOING ABROAD.

THIS CHARMINGLY FURNISHED RESIDENCE.—7 bed, 4 reception, bath; stabling 2, coach-house; very pretty grounds, tennis lawn; well-stocked kitchen garden, etc., 3 acres; near 3 golf links; London in 35 minutes. Extremely low Rent.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 3,903)

420 ACRES SHOOTING.

HERTS (easy reach express trains to London).—Charming old HENRY VII. RESIDENCE to LET, Furnished, up to 1 year: 11 bed, bath, 4 sitting rooms; extremely well-timbered grounds.—Photo and all details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

TO INVALIDS AND OTHERS.

IN PRETTY, SUNNY FELIXSTOWE (2½ hours from Town).—To LET, for 3 or 4 months, well furnished.
FACING SOUTH AND SEA;
3 sitting, glass-covered balcony, 7 bed and dressing rooms; electric light; small garden. Never before let.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

LOW RENT, OWNER ABROAD.

CORNISH RIVIERA.—To LET, for the Winter or longer, extremely comfortable RESIDENCE, surrounded by gardens and grounds, 2 acres;
EXCEPTIONALLY FINE SEA VIEWS:
8 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; stabling 2; conservatory and greenhouses; close to golf.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.) as above. (4,341)

SURREY HILLS (400ft. above the sea, 10 minutes from station, and only 30 minutes of London).

NEAR EXCELLENT 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE. To be LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD, the above well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a picked position, with beautiful views over the surrounding country. Accommodation: 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light; Company's water; beautiful grounds of about 3 acres; racquet court lighted by electricity and heated.—Box K 4,627, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

MANOR HOUSE AND 4½ ACRES.

£1,500, FREEHOLD.—To be SOLD, a charming old MANOR HOUSE, 1 mile from Mildenhall Station and 12 miles from Bury St. Edmunds. It is covered with creepers, and contains: a quaint old lounge hall with handsomely carved mantel and beautifully panelled ceiling, dining room, drawing room and conservatory, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), etc.; modern drainage; stabling, coach-house, and coachman's cottage; picturesque old grounds with flower garden, croquet lawn, rose garden, kitchen garden, and meadow, in all 4½ acres; golf close.—Box K 1,000, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

BUCKS. 25 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

£3,500, FREEHOLD, an artistic and comfortable RESIDENCE. It stands on gravel soil, in secluded grounds, with tennis lawn, fruit and vegetable gardens, etc.: 3 reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light.—Box K 4,761, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

AN ANCIENT SURREY HOUSE. 400FT. ABOVE SEA, ON SAND SOIL.

THE HOUSE stands in park and grounds of 36 acres, and contains some fine panelling. The accommodation comprises: oak-panelled hall and dining room, 3 other reception rooms, opening to
THE BROAD PAVED TERRACE AND LOGGIA
and covered verandah; there are 15 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, etc.; stabling and garage; delightful old grounds, with tennis lawn and Italian garden, etc.; golf near; Company's water.—Box K 4,694, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

MENTONE (occupying one of the best and most sheltered positions in the South of France, 200ft. above the sea, facing South).—To be LET, Furnished, for the season, or would be SOLD, a charming VILLA, standing in beautiful grounds containing masses of lemon and orange trees and roses in profusion. It commands fine views of the Mediterranean and Cap Martin, and is not overlooked. Accommodation: 4 reception, 11 bedrooms, bathroom, servants' hall, etc. Plate and linen left.—Box K 4,880, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

HUNTING WITH THE WARWICKSHIRE, NORTH WARWICKSHIRE, AND BICESTER.

TO BE LET, Furnished, for the Hunting Season, an attractive RESIDENCE, standing over 500ft. above the sea, approached by 2 long carriage drives, with lodge at entrance. Accommodation: lounge hall, billiard, 5 reception, 19 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 9; charming gardens and grounds of about 12 acres. — Box KF 1,504, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

ON THE CHILTERN HILLS.
550FT. ABOVE THE SEA, FACING SOUTH.

BUCKS (45 minutes from London). — To be SOLD, an artistic modern gabled RESIDENCE, occupying a delightful position on the crest of a hill. The accommodation comprises: billiard, 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; garage, with pit and chauffeur's 3-roomed cottage; the gardens extend to about 5 acres, are delightful in character and inexpensive to maintain; there are numerous woodland walks, wilderness garden, tennis court, etc.—Box K 4,844, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

TO BE SOLD OR LET ON LEASE. 1 MINUTES' WALK FROM WALTON and HERSHAM STATION, L. and S.W. RAILWAY MAIN LINE. Within easy reach of the well-known BURHILL GOLF LINKS HOUSE, containing: sunny dining room, panelled drawing room, study, good entrance hall, verandah, kitchen, pantry and scullery, etc.; ground floor lavatory and w.c.; 6 bedrooms, dressing room, tiled bathroom, w.c., linen cupboards, etc.; fitted with most modern conveniences; standing in laid-out garden, 250ft deep, frontage 100ft.; tennis lawn; situated in quiet road, amid excellent and picturesque surroundings, in neighbourhood of similarly designed houses, all occupied; gravel soil, electric light, main drainage, Company's water, and telephone facilities. £90 per annum. Freehold, £1,650. — Apply, "OWNER," ASHLEY WOOD LODGE, CROSSWAY, WALTON-ON-THAMES. Tels.: 48 Walton-on-Thames, or 7316 Gerrard.

WILLIS'S ROOMS, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

AN IMPORTANT STOCK OF EASTERN CARPETS AND RUGS, specially imported and shown at the Persian and Ottoman Section of the Brussels Exhibition, including the exhibit which won the Grand Prize. The stock includes antique and modern Persian Carpets and Rugs of Tabriz, Kirman Shiraz, Khiva, Bokhara, Ispahan, Soumak, and other makes, Turkey carpets, fine Anatolian, Afghanistan, and Mirzapore carpets, silk prayer rugs, curtains and portières, Wilton, Axminster, and Brussels squares, the whole in a large variety of colours and designs; also a seventeenth-century tapestry panel "The Parting of Antony and Cleopatra."

MESSRS. ROBINSON, FISHER AND CO. will SELL at their Galleries on Wednesday and Thursday, December 7 and 8, at 1 o'clock, the above Property.—May be viewed two days prior, and catalogues had.

TELEPHONE NOS: Gerrard 6852. Yeovil 43.

WILSON & GRAY

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESSES: "Wilsogra, London." "Wilsogra, Yeovil."

WILTS, DORSET, SOMERSET, HANTS, CORNWALL, DEVON.

WILSON & GRAY, OF LONDON AND YEOVIL, are Agents for the more important Properties now available in the above Counties. Lists will be sent gratis on receipt of requirements.

BEAUTIFUL SUSSEX HOUSE, FULL OF OLD OAK BEAMS and PANELLING.

3½ miles from Horsham and 2 miles from a station.

£173 15s. **UNFURNISHED,** or would be SOLD for £4,000, singularly attractive PROPERTY in perfect order. The picturesque House has South aspect, stands right back from the road, and contains: hall, 2 good reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom; *good drainage; acetylene gas; good water supply; heating; telephone;* stabling for 4; farmery, cottage; charming old-world gardens, lawns, orchard, and paddocks of 13½ acres.—Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., who strongly recommend from a personal inspection.

IMPORTANT SUSSEX ESTATE.

IN A PICKED POSITION.—To be SOLD, a remarkably fine RESIDENCE of very attractive character, set in the midst of lovely woodlands, parklands, and grounds of about 50 acres, and commanding a vast panorama of unsurpassed views. The House contains: lounge hall, billiard room, 5 reception rooms, 13 bedrooms, 6 bathrooms, and very complete offices; stabling, garage, cottages, and every possible adjunct of a property of distinction; within easy distance of a main line station, whence London can be reached in less than an hour.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 20, Mount Street, London, W.

CLOSE TO THE FAMOUS STOKE POGES GOLF COURSE.

HIGH POSITION. LOVELY VIEWS. SOUTH ASPECT.

BUCKS.—In the lovely neighbourhood of BURNHAM BEECHES, ½ hour from London by express trains.—For SALE, at a moderate price, singularly attractive, old-fashioned RESIDENCE, containing: 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 5 reception rooms, magnificent billiard room, conservatory, ample domestic offices; ELECTRIC LIGHT; HOT-WATER HEATING; STABLING for 6, small farmery, 2 cottages. The grounds are exceedingly beautiful and grandly timbered; walled kitchen garden, paddock, etc. In all about 9 acres.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W. PERSONALLY INSPECTED.

RESTORATION OF OLD-WORLD PLACES.—WILSON and GRAY prepare plans and specifications for the renovation and restoration of old Houses and Mansions at *moderate fees.* WILSON and GRAY have, by careful study and considerable *practical experience,* gained extensive knowledge in this special branch of their business, and if desired they will be pleased to arrange for clients to inspect either work completed or work now in hand. *Owners are respectfully invited to consult Wilson and Gray respecting contemplated improvements.*

SIXTEENTH-CENTURY MANOR HOUSE OF HERRING-BONE BRICK-WORK AND TIMBER FRAMING.

OAK-PANELLING AND OPEN FIRE-PLACES.

GRAND POSITION, 400FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

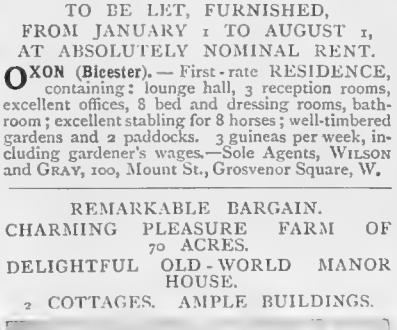
FOR SALE, a singularly beautiful FREEHOLD PROPERTY, in one of the most lovely parts of Sussex. The beautiful old-world House is approached *by 300 yards' carriage drive with lodge,* and contains: hall, 3 reception rooms, good offices, 9 bedrooms, bathrooms; *acetylene gas;* finely timbered grounds, lawns for tennis and croquet, flower and kitchen gardens, orchard and meadow, in all 16 acres; more land up to 240 acres can be had.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W. *Personally inspected.*

ALL PROPERTIES ADVERTISED HAVE BEEN INSPECTED BY WILSON AND GRAY.

EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY.
TO BE LET, FURNISHED,
FROM JANUARY 1 TO AUGUST 1,
AT ABSOLUTELY NOMINAL RENT.

OXON (Bicester).—First-rate RESIDENCE, containing: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, excellent offices, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; excellent stabling for 8 horses; well-timbered gardens and 2 paddocks. 3 guineas per week, including gardener's wages.—Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount St., Grosvenor Square, W.

REMARKABLE BARGAIN.
CHARMING PLEASURE FARM OF 70 ACRES.
DELIGHTFUL OLD-WORLD MANOR HOUSE.
2 COTTAGES. AMPLE BUILDINGS.



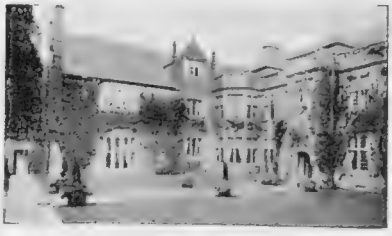
£4,000 **WILL BE ACCEPTED** for a profit-showing ESTATE, situate in that lovely stretch of country between Guildford and Horsham. The ESTATE is bounded by the fishing and boating River Arun. The perfect old Manor House is in splendid order, wired for electric light, fitted with up-to-date sanitary arrangements, and contains: 8 bedrooms, bathroom, hall, 3 reception rooms, etc.; capital gardens. If desired, purchaser could let off the land at a substantial rent, retaining the shooting and fishing rights.—Inspected and recommended by the joint Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W., and COLLIER, SON and SPARKES, Godalming.

Countless Attractions at little cost.

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED AND PRINCIPAL AGENCY FOR

TUDOR, ELIZABETHAN, AND OLD-FASHIONED PROPERTIES of interest for SALE or for LETTING, Furnished or Unfurnished. Owners and Applicants *can obtain expert and reliable information and advice.*

SPECIALLY IMPORTANT NOTICE.



RENOWNED RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE OF GREAT HISTORIC INTEREST.
NOBLE MANSION DATING FROM THE REIGN OF HENRY VII.
3,000 ACRES OF SHOOTING.
CENTRE OF A FAVOURITE HUNT.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, FOR TWO YEARS.—This quite unique ESTATE, situated in the best part of the West of England, 3 hours from town: 20 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 oak-panelled reception rooms, complete offices; stabling, garage, farmery, cottages; *grand old gardens.*—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil. *Personally inspected.*

BEAUTIFUL SOUTH DEVON.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, an exceptionally attractive RESIDENCE, standing in its own grounds of about 2 acres, and containing: 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; S.E. aspect with UNRIVALLED VIEWS; charmingly terraced grounds, with lawn, bowling green, etc.; golf links 3 miles distant; yachting, fishing, hunting, shooting. Rent, only £100 per annum.—Apply, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

SOMERSET (in a favourite part, 6 miles from Taunton, and near a railway station).—For SALE, charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, in BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS OF 2½ ACRES, with walled kitchen garden: fine lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling, motor-house, and outbuildings.—For price and full particulars, apply to the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 20, Princes Street, Yeovil, and 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W., who can recommend same from personal inspection.

THE NEW FOREST.
WELL-KNOWN MANOR HOUSE AND 2,000 ACRES, SHOOTING AND FISHING.

HANTS.—TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED or FURNISHED, beautiful old Sixteenth-Century MANOR HOUSE, *standing high, with grand views, in park of 250 acres, on gravel soil,* approached by ½ *mile drive, with lodge:* fine halls, 4 reception rooms, billiard room, first-rate offices, 27 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms; stabling for 15; cottages; exceptionally beautiful grounds; hunting. Moderate Rent.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil.

The Cornish Riviera

is England's Winter Resort, offering winter warmth and sunshine, and a climate superior to that of foreign resorts because it is more equable.

There is a reason for the Cornish Climate. The Gulf stream flows directly to the Cornish shores, setting the Duchy in a reservoir of sun-warmed water Hence the palms and tropic gardens in Cornwall. Read the Travel Book, "CORNISH RIVIERA," post free, 6d., from the Supt. of the Line, Paddington Station, W. *This* winter, go to Cornwall.

G.W.R. JAS. C. INGLIS, General Manager.

The Graphic Xmas No.

WITH SPLENDID PRESENTATION PLATE.

THE GRAPHIC CHRISTMAS NUMBER COLOURED PLATE.

"Back from Battle: The Return of our Redcoats."
From the Picture by FRANK CRAIG.
Size, 30" x 17".

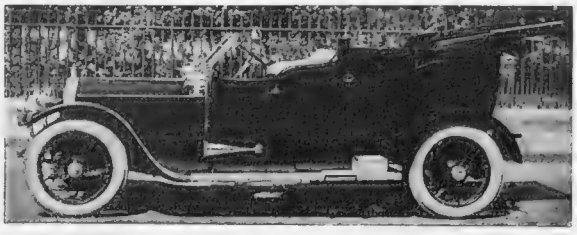
NOW READY LARGER THAN EVER!

THE BEST SHILLINGSWORTH.

OFFICE: TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS. LONDON, E.C.

W. & F. THORN

Every Kind of Body and Any Make of Car.



19, GREAT PORTLAND ST., LONDON, W.

TALK No. 6

DO YOU KNOW WHAT CONSTIPATION MEANS?

Infrequent, difficult, and possibly painful passages of course, but a good deal more than that.

The Liver is the Chemist's Shop of the Body, produces the chemicals that, mixed with the food, puts it in condition to be taken up by the blood and made into bone and muscle, and also the chemicals required by the bowels which enable them to do their work readily and easily. The Liver, inactive, does not produce these necessary chemicals, the bowels with difficulty and too slowly perform their functions, give out gas, and you have wind, become bilious and sallow skinned, the blood is poisoned, and you have headache and that tired feeling, all because your liver is wrong. Take CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, to-day, at once. They will cure you so quietly and gently, you will not know they are at work.

No drastic movement to strain and injure the bowels will follow their use. No stomach cramps or sickness, and life will be better to you, work easier, you will even be better looking, for they will brighten your eye, give you a clean tongue, and fill your arteries with the honest red blood of perfect health. They are little pills, but do big work.

For Headache.
For Dizziness.
For Biliousness.
For Torpid Liver.
For Constipation.
For Sallow Skin.
For the Complexion.

GIVE THE CLEAN TONGUE OF PERFECT HEALTH.

Small pill. Small price.
Small dose. Sugar-coated—purely vegetable.

Genuine package has signature—

Brent Good

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/6 & 4/6

READ THE
"DAILY GRAPHIC"

F. Pinet

Glacé Patent or Black and Coloured Antelope

24/-

New Catalogue of Autumn Footwear Fashions will be sent on application

Black Glacé Kid with Steel Points

21/-

F. PINET, 47, NEW BOND STREET, W.

Gerrard 2174.

AUTUMN AND WINTER SPORT IN

BUDE

CORNWALL

4

Sporting Features

OF THE

GRENVILLE HOTEL

GOLF

The Grenville (Amateur) Golf Handicap. Valuable Silver Trophy depicting Sir Richard Grenville and "The Revenge" (designed and executed by Miss D. Mason) open to all Amateur Golfers staying at the Hotel. Conditions arranged to give equal chance to all Handicaps.

SHOOTING

The Proprietors of the Grenville Hotel have acquired the Shooting Rights over the Tamar Lake—75 acres—covered with wild fowl in Winter; also about 600 acres of excellent snipe, ground and rough shooting, partridge, pheasants, plover, and woodcock.

HUNTING

The Tetcott Foxhounds hunt in the immediate neighbourhood, several other good packs in the vicinity. Foxes plentiful this year, excellent sport assured; mild climate during Winter, exceptionally favourable to hunting at Bude.

BADMINTON

There is a good Badminton Club at Bude, open to visitors of the Grenville on payment of a nominal subscription.

Write Manager, MR. H. LINK** (late of the "Cecil," London), **for Special Inclusive Winter Terms.

BEST SHEFFIELD MAKE.

KROPP

ALWAYS READY FOR USE

ENGLISH MANUFACTURE.

REAL HAMBURG GROUND

RAZOR

NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING

DO NOT BE PUT OFF WITH SUBSTITUTES.

Black Handle	5/6	Kropp Duplex Strop	7/6
Ivory Handle	7/6	Kropp Strop Paste	6d.
Pair, Ivory Handles, in Russia Leather Case	21/-	Kropp Badger Hair Shaving Brush, 5/6, 7/6, & 10/6	

Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO., LONDON, W.

By Royal Appointment

Terisa

Pearls and Reconstructed Gems.

No. 4.—Neat and pretty design of Earrings, with Terisa Pearls and genuine Diamonds .. £9 9s.

Very pretty long Drop Earrings, with Terisa Pearls and fine white genuine Diamonds £15 15s.

The popularity of our Pearls has never been so great as it is to-day, and our English clientèle assumed such proportions that our Paris branch was unable to attend to same. We have, therefore, for the convenience of our clientèle, opened a branch establishment at No. 8, New Bond Street, W.

A Beautiful Reproduction of a very fine Genuine Oriental Pearl Collar, Cost, with Gold Clasp .. £6 6s.

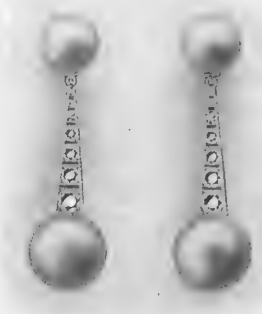
Clasp, as shown, with a Terisa Emerald and Two Fine White Genuine Diamonds, £4 4s. extra.

The Pearls shown on any of these designs can be had in smaller or larger sizes, according to the customer's wishes.

It will give us pleasure to send, on the request of any client, an assortment of our Gems with an employee who will be able to give any explanation required.

The latest Parisian style of Earrings, with Terisa Pearls and real Diamonds £21

Please write for New Illustrated Brochure free on application.



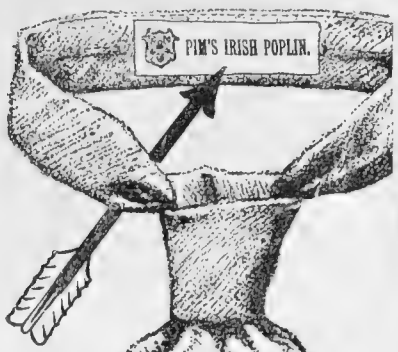
No. 1.—Beautiful long Drop Earrings, with 4 Terisa Pearls and genuine Diamonds, mounted in Platinum .. .. .. £10 10s.

Terisa

8, NEW BOND ST., W.

(Opposite Cartier's),

And at PARIS.



The Fashionable NECKWEAR for Gentlemen is

PIM'S Irish Poplin

In a great variety of refined and elegant shades and patterns, self colours, stripes, etc. There are many cheap imitations, but none of them have that indefinable suggestion of quality and good taste which is found in the renowned "PIM'S Irish Poplin."

Club Colours for Ties, Hat Bands, &c., can be accurately matched. Of all Drapers, Hosiers, &c.

Wholesale—PIM BROS. & CO., Irish Poplin Manufacturers, William Street, DUBLIN.

ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION

PAIN ARISING
FROM

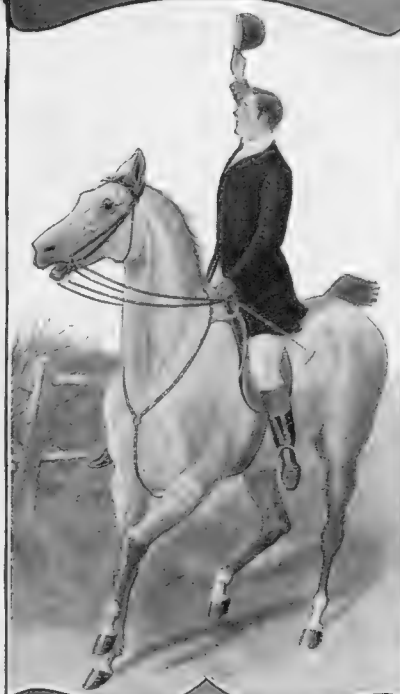
Rheumatism,	*Chronic*
Lumbago,	*Bronchitis,*
Sore Throat	*Sprain,*
from Cold,	*Backache,*
Cold at the	*Bruises,*
Chest,	*Slight Cuts,*
Neuralgia	*Cramp,*
from Cold,	*Soreness of*
	the Limbs after exercise

is best treated by using ELLIMAN'S *according to the information* given in the Elliman R.E.P. booklet 96 pages, (illustrated) which is placed inside cartons with all bottles of Elliman's price 1/1½, 2/9 & 4/-. The R.E.P. booklet also contains other information of such practical value as to cause it to be in demand for First Aid and other purposes; also for its recipes in respect of Sick Room requisites. *Elliman's added to the Bath is beneficial.*

ANIMALS

Ailments may in many instances be relieved or cured by following the instructions (illustrated) given in the Elliman E. F. A. Booklet 64 pages, found enclosed in the wrappers of all bottles of ELLIMAN'S price 1/-, 2/- & 3/6.

Elliman, Sons & Co., Slough, England.



ROYAL for ANIMALS
See the Elliman E.F.A. Booklet
UNIVERSAL for HUMAN USE
See the Elliman R.E.P. Booklet, found enclosed with bottles of ELLIMAN'S
THE NAME IS ELLIMAN

ASTROLOGY

As expounded by "THE OLD ASTROLOGER" is astounding in its accuracy. MERCURY'S letters of appreciation are like his clients, "LEGION." If you have not already proved his skill, lose no more time in sending birth date with 1/- P.O., for a test reading of your horoscope, as he is now adding TWO years' advice for a short time.

PROF. MERCURY, B.D.
LLANDAFF, GLAMORGAN.

Wolsey

THE UNDERWEAR
that fits, and feels, and wears as only the best pure-wool underwear can. If Wolsey ever shrinks it will be
REPLACED FREE OF COST

TRADE MARK H.W. No. 314135.

Velvet Grip

Regd. Trade Mark No. 304004.

BOSTON GARTER

LOOK FOR THE PATENT RUBBER BUTTON

WILL NOT TEAR THE SOCKS.

COTTON (plain, check or stripe), 1/- pair.
SILK (plain elastic), 2/- pair.
By post, 1d. extra.
AUSTIN REED, Ltd., 13, Fenchurch St.; 5, St. Mary Axe; 157*a*, Cheapside, E.C.

"THE FLYING FIFTEEN,"
"One of the Finest Moderate Powered Cars on the Market."

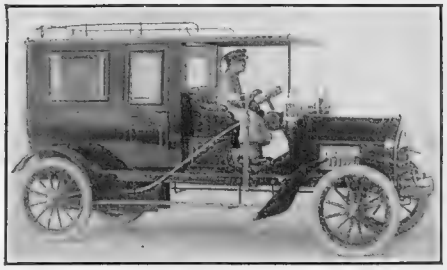
The first impression is the remarkable silence of the engine. It is quite inaudible. The next, one is struck by the Car's velvety running. Springs, however well adjusted, would not give such smoothness, and the cause must be sought in the perfect balance of the engine. On its merits, the new 'fifteen' is certain to become a favourite with that section of the motoring public who want a car of ample but not excessive power, moderate in upkeep in regard to tyres and petrol, and easy to handle. This model fulfils all these conditions to the letter."

The Argyll Car

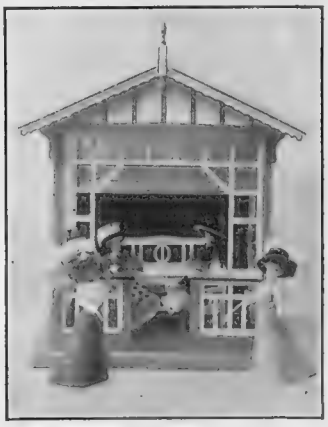
Send for Illustrated Catalogue "9" post free on application.

ARGYLLS LTD., Alexandria, N.B.
London Showrooms - 6, Great Marlborough Street, W.
Glasgow Showrooms - - 92/94, Mitchell Street.
Edinburgh Showrooms - 16, Shandwick Place.

NOVELTIES IN TOYS FOR CHRISTMAS



An Amazingly Real Taxicab, complete with the Registration adjunct



A Model Summer-house

The Goblin Gobbler

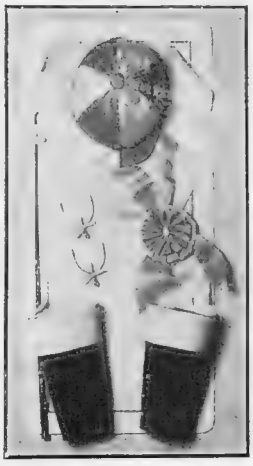
Who and what are the Goblin Gobblers? Well, they are a fresh toy tribe discovered by Mr. Charles Morrell, of 368-370, Oxford Street, whose doings are immortalised in the funniest of funny books, written by J. H. Lockyer Sherratt and illustrated by that humorous artist, Charles Crombie.

Among the accompanying illustrations will be found a group of these weird people, many of whom are produced almost life-size, when they appeal as grotesquely human. The book, however, shall be allowed to tell its own story, and in a few short weeks now nursery-land will assuredly be ringing with laughter over this season's novelty.

Almost must Mr. Charles Morrell be surfeited with praise. What ingenuity, of a truth, is his, allied to an unceasing enterprise that carries him from one end of the world to the other in a search after novelties. The latter-day demand for realism in toys has appealed enormously to this past-master, an influence that finds illuminative expression in the model summer-house illustrated, in which are seated dolls dressed in accordance with the latest Parisian *modes*. The faithfulness of these reproductions is amazing, and gives the keynote to a display of dressed dolls to be found here that may be fitly described as having no equal in the land.

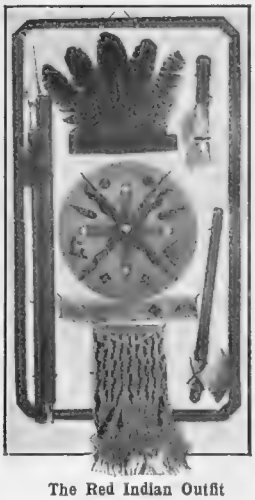
Another notable group draws attention to a line of cloth dolls, ideal for hard nursery usage. These are depicted in a village school, with master and mistress, and the whole scholastic story suggested with the utmost faithfulness. One can easily picture the joy of the small boy who finds among his gifts, on Christmas morning, that amazingly real taxicab, completed with the regulation registration adjunct. Motors, propelled by pedals and fitted to repletion with such fascinations as a brake-lever, wind-screen, nickel-plated lamp, bonnet, radiator, etc., and clockwork motors—in a word, every expression of the present prevailing popular mode of transit is afforded a place in this Eldorado of Toys.

The Red Indian Tent



A Complete Jockey's Outfit

SOME FASCINATING TOYS AT CHARLES MORRELL'S



The Red Indian Outfit

A word of particular explanation is called for in connection with the Indian tent shown, perhaps one of the most successful nursery forms of entertainment ever brought out. This, for the convenience of space, is shown in miniature, whereas the actual tent is the size really in use by the North American Indians. Built of strong dark-brown canvas, adorned with scenery and hieroglyphics in true wigwam colours, hours of fascinating make-believe can be played around this tent, the young exponents of this primitive existence arrayed in the correct outfit of feathers and overalls. "Years cannot wither, nor custom stale" the joys of dressing-up, each successive season supplying fresh additions to these realistic outfits. One for a jockey is exceptionally complete, as is a Boy Scout, while a new ticket-collector's set includes a bell-punch, lamp, whistle, and a generous supply of railway tickets, all for the modest sum of 10*d*.

The Latest Craze: Mr. Morrell's Goblin Gobblers

The Village School, with Master and Scholars

In the Christmas illustrated catalogue two crammed pages are given up to coloured illustrations of these dolls, the dress designs of which are exclusive, and cannot be procured elsewhere.

FLEXIBLE-SOLED

"Footgloves"

The boots and shoes bearing this name are unique for ladies' wear. They are so soft and flexible that they fit like a glove, make the feet look elegant, and walking a pleasure. Moreover, they will always keep their shape. The soles are carefully prepared from the best English tanned leather to prevent moisture passing through.

All Styles Perfectly Modelled in Half Sizes.

If you would like to know more about this flexible footwear, write to us for descriptive booklet of styles and address of nearest agent.

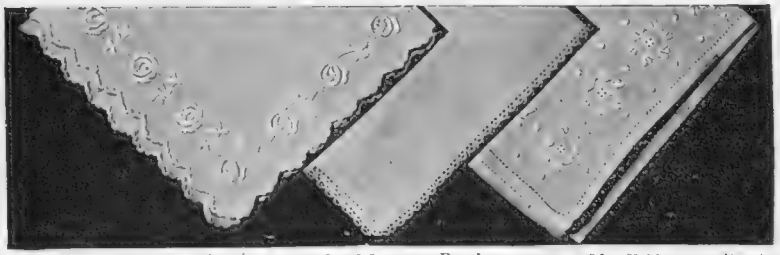
SCOTT'S "FOOTGLOVE" FACTORY
STAFFORD.

Robinson & Cleaver's

By Royal Warrant

Handkerchiefs for XMAS PRESENTS

World-renowned for quality & value.



No. 6.22. Ladies' Superfine Mull Embroidered Handkerchiefs, measuring about 13 inches	Per doz. 9/3	No. 0.2 Ladies' Superfine Mull Embroidered Handkerchiefs, measuring about 13 inches	Per doz. 8/11	No. K 16. Ladies' Superfine Mull Embroidered Handkerchiefs, measuring about 13 inches.....	Per doz. 8/11

Samples and Price Lists Post Free.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, LTD.,
44, T, Donegall Place,
BELFAST.

Orders of 20s. upwards carriage paid.

LONDON. LIVERPOOL.

"THE BYSTANDER" CHRISTMAS NUMBER
Ready December 6. Price One Shilling.

Frocks, Frills & Furbelows.

By MRS. JACK MAY

IT never occurred to me to take the suggestion seriously that *The Quaker Girl* would provide a text for the next phase of fashionable attire. One tossed the idea about flippantly and easily in the latter-day way, but I, among others, have been arrested in my play of persiflage by a sudden irresistible query as to whether, despite our joking, this may not come to pass.

It would take a little courage, you think, to face daylight criticism arrayed in a demure muslin *fichu* and apron, surmounted by a cap tied under the chin? But surely not greater than has been exacted by the trouser-leg skirt and amazing hat or toque. At the most we should be proclaimed as quaint and old-world in Quaker attire, and our manners, perchance, would not hurt by being brought for the nonce into sympathetic relation with the "Friends'" dress. It would be a change, and not an unpleasant one, I venture to think, on the present rather loud, pushing demeanour cultivated by some young girls.

"Swank" is not a pretty word, but it admirably expresses the attitude of a certain section of the feminine fraternity under the prevailing influence of bold dressing. From time immemorial manners have taken their colouring from clothing, age, and morals—witness the fall of the Roman Empire, the first French Revolution, etc. So, perhaps, who knows but that out of a flighty musical play will come a fresh pose relegating manners that are marked by a pretty coyness and demureness? Should this Quaker phase come about, we may rest assured it will be rendered as attractive as modern ingenuity knows how.

Distorted Furs

Thus, out of a burdened spirit, spoke a furrier to me recently. The modistic meddling in peltry matters has been something of a thorn in the side of many enthusiastic furriers, whose expert knowledge and appreciation of quality make it difficult for them to accept with complacency the order of elaborate treatment—such, for example, as is shown in the adjoined picture. Here you have a muff and toque effected in the best natural possum allied with kilted smoke-grey crystalline, a *soupçon* of aluminium being mingled with the silken tassels introduced on the toque. The figure also wears a stole composed of ivory *ninon* and black satin *charmeuse*, the former outlined everywhere with black silk or fox.

Photograph *Kiesel, Berlin*

Distorted Furs: An Alliance that Furriers Do Not Like
Mrs. Jack May deals with this costume in her notes

A New Model at the London Corset Co., New Bond Street

Having inaugurated a business that steps side by side with Paris, the London Corset Co. are making lasting fame forthemselves on this side of the Channel. Anything new in the *corsetière* world makes its appearance at the above address simultaneously with Paris. This is well worth knowing, but it is by no means the only attraction, the Company furthermore guaranteeing the wear of every corset sold by them. Nothing but the best materials are used throughout, and these

HOW I TOOK MY WRINKLES OUT

After Massage, Creams, and Beauty Doctors had Failed.

By HARRIETT META.

Trouble, worry, and ill-health brought me deep lines and wrinkles. I realised that they not only greatly marred my appearance and made me look much older, but that they would greatly interfere with my success, because a woman's success, either socially or financially, depends very largely on her appearance. The plain woman, with deep lines and furrows in her face, must fight an unequal battle with her younger and better-looking sister.

I therefore bought various kinds of cold cream and skin foods and massaged my face with most constant regularity, hoping to regain my former appearance. But the wrinkles simply would not go. On the contrary, they seemed to get deeper. Next I went to a beauty specialist, who told me she could easily rid me of my wrinkles. I paid the money and took the treatment. Sometimes I thought they got less, but after spending all the money I could afford for such treatment I found I still had my wrinkles. So I gave up in despair, and concluded I must carry them to my grave. One day a friend of mine, who was versed in chemistry, made a suggestion, and this gave me a new idea. I immediately went to work making experiments and studying everything I could get hold of on the subject. After several long months of almost numberless trials and discouragements I finally discovered a process which produced most astounding results on my wrinkles in a single night. I was delighted beyond expression. I tried my treatment again, and, lo and behold, my wrinkles were practically gone. A third treatment—three nights in all—and I had no wrinkles, and my face was as smooth as ever. I next offered my treatment to some of my immediate friends, who used it with surprising results, and I have now decided to offer it to the public.

Mrs. J. E. Black, of Yonkers, N.Y., says that when she looks in the glass she scarcely knows herself, the improvement is so great, and that her wrinkles are entirely removed.

The Rev. Josephine Talmage, of Chicago, Ill., says:—"Your system is the only treatment in the world that will actually remove wrinkles. When all others failed, yours stands alone as a success." I will send further particulars to anyone who is interested free of charge. I use no cream, massage, face steamings, bandages, or straps; there is nothing to inject and nothing to injure the skin. It is an entirely new discovery of my own, and so simple that you can use it without the knowledge of your most intimate friends. You apply the treatment at night and go to bed. In the morning, lo! the wonderful transformation. People often write me: "It sounds too good to be true."

Well, the test will tell. If interested in my discovery, please address HARRIETT META, Dept. 129 P., 143, Great Portland Street, London, W., and I will send full particulars.

SPONGES. Buy Direct.—1 large Bath, 2 Toilets, 1 Motor, 1 Pantry, 5 for 3/6; Motor Sponges, 10/6, 18/-, 36/- per doz. 3 samples for 5/6; both parcels 8/6. Illustrated Catalogue free. DIRECT SUPPLY COMPANY, 538, Victoria Buildings, Manchester.

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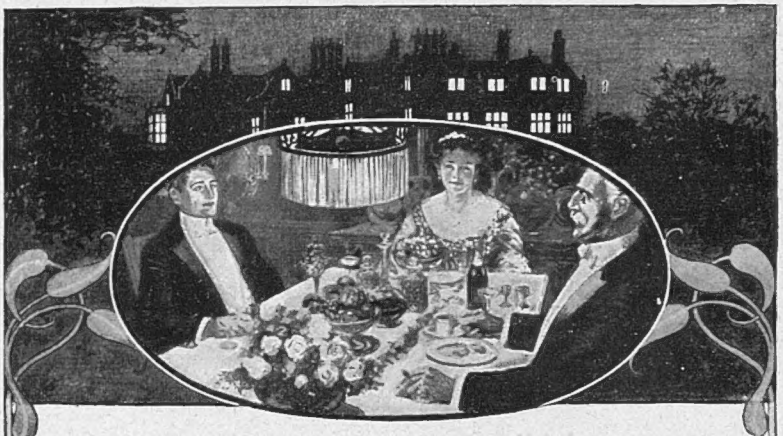

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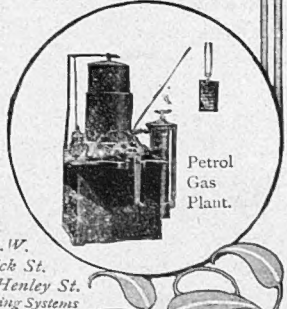

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are handled in the most superlative manner, a combination that can have only one result. And each succeeding season seems to bring into greater prominence the importance of the corset. On the correct contour of the figure, indeed, hangs the whole modistic structure. It is, therefore, of interest to learn at once how the latest model decreed by Paris boasts a low bust-line and an extreme length below the bend of the hips. As our picture relates, the moulding of the hips is particularly good, these having a rounded appearance, together with a certain graceful slimness that one associates with youth.

Fashioned of the finest *broché*, the price is only 47*s*. 9*d*., and the boning is done so adroitly, the weight is scarcely appreciable in the hand, and, of course, even less so on the body.

Another adorably light model is built of double *crêpe-de-chine*, in the construction of which the merest sprinkling of bones is introduced. And for teagown wear the London Corset Company are advocating a species of belt, carried deep over the hips, and made of a soft, woven silk elastic. As can be imagined, the expanding qualities of this material lend themselves to the adoption of the easiest attitudes. The teagown worn with the more severe class of corset is frequently merely a veneer of comfort; the real rest, so badly needed in these days, is an entire relaxation of the muscles, a condition that acts as beneficially on the mental as on the physical condition.

A Chair and Reading-Desk Novelty at Heal and Sons

The Latest Type of Corset, Obtainable from the London Corset Company, New Bond Street, price 47s. 9d.
(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

Beautiful Furnishing Fabrics at Hampton and Sons, Pall Mall

However fluent we may be with the pen—and some of us are called upon to be daringly descriptive in these days—it is wholly impossible to describe colour. A conclusion, doubtless, that has been largely instrumental towards the enterprise exhibited by Messrs. Hampton in bringing out a catalogue of all their latest designs in fabrics, curtains, and carpets expressed in colour. Although a necessarily slight brochure, the assistance to be obtained from its perusal is appreciable, and when decision has been arrived at as to the kind and quality of material to be selected, supplementary pattern-books can be applied for.

Thus with the "Douro" taffeta, an ideal fabric for loose covers, as is suggested, shows an artistic blending of colours and a bold, rather close device. Very strongly recommended for wear by these furnishing experts is the "Heathfield" tapestry, produced in quiet chintz colourings, while the "Tabrez" tapestry is a faithful reproduction of an antique Persian design. For smoking-rooms, halls, dining-rooms, and suchlike, Hampton's "Bokhara" reversible *chenille* curtains are not to be beaten, either in quality or price.

On page 17 of this booklet, additionally to a realistically coloured presentment of a window treatment in Old English seventeenth-century style, there are disclosed small samples of the actual materials suitable to the adjustment, respectively a Bradford all-wool serge, Hampton's "Regent" tapestry (a quite novel production of a fine ribbed description), Trafalgar Velours (50in. wide and only 2*s*. 11*d*. the yard), and Jaspé Velours (a line-stripe weave in self-colours).

Also illustrated are sections of a few down quilts, a well-known speciality of the house, and as unique in colouring and character as they are unrivalled in value. The printed sateens are quite extraordinary—one, in a soft seductive shade of green, patterned over in a small trellis design, carries a printed border copied from a famous eighteenth-century Stormont ground chintz. And the price of this exceptional offering may be quoted as an average example of what obtains, a quilt 6ft. by 5ft. costing 27*s*. 9*d*.

A Chair and Reading-Desk Novelty at Heal and Sons

The picture provided of this specimen of latter-day luxury speaks eloquently enough. Almost it invites one to become, at all risks, one of Mr. Lloyd George's very idle rich. Though, for that matter, the price is, comparatively speaking, a popular one. The cretonne-covered chair, with the comfortable loose seat, yclept the "Chatelaine," is offered complete, as shown, at £4; while the mahogany reading-desk, 36in. long, and perfectly finished, is 30*s*. It should, perhaps, be further explained how the table is specially adapted to the chair, across the front of which it can be swung at any angle suitable to the reader.

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30 YEARS' REPUTATION

The Menu:

CONCERNING GAME

Partridges with Piquante Sauce

Pluck three partridges, prepare and wipe out carefully, and fill each with a spoonful of Spanish onion which has been boiled in milk and well seasoned with salt and pepper. Truss and secure them firmly as for roasting, then place in a stewpan with some stock, the giblets of the birds, a piece of Spanish onion stuck with two cloves, a slice of lean ham or bacon, and a seasoning of salt and pepper. Let simmer for an hour, then take them out, empty, and wipe out the pan, place the birds again in the hot pan with the cover on, and keep by the side of the fire. Strain the stock into another saucepan, thicken it with butter and flour (a brown roux), add a tablespoonful of port wine, and season to taste with a slight grating of nutmeg. Put the birds on a hot dish, and pour the sauce over them.

Boiled Pheasant

Tie the pheasant in a floured cloth, place it in a stewpan, and cover it with stock or water, which should be boiling. Add a slice of fat bacon, and 3oz. each of onion, carrot, and turnip, two cloves, pepper and salt. Let the pan remain over a clear fire for five minutes, then place it in a moderately hot oven for thirty-five minutes. Serve with white, celery, or soubise sauce poured over. This is an excellent way of cooking an old pheasant, which is more or less tough.

Roast Teal

Choose two fat, plump birds, truss them like fowls for roasting, roast before a brisk fire, and baste them well with butter. Serve with brown or orange sauce, and a cut lemon, and garnish with watercress. These are best after the frost has set in.

Mould of Hare

Take the remains of a cooked hare, which has been jugged or hashed, cut the meat in small pieces and the forcemeat balls in halves. Warm the gravy, adding to it, if necessary, a glass of port and half a small pot of red-currant jelly, and dissolve in it ½oz. of leaf gelatine. Make in all about a pint. Add the meat, and when nearly cold pour into a border mould and ornament with sliced hard-boiled yolk of egg. The centre can be filled with cold boiled French or haricot beans, tossed in a very little mayonnaise sauce.

Salmi of Game

Roast the game, wild duck, pheasant, or woodcock; just before the roasting is completed, put a quarter of a pint of rich brown sauce, one glass of claret, the juice of one lemon, and seasoning into a saucepan. Cut up the birds neatly, keeping them very hot, put them in a hot silver dish, pour the boiling sauce over them, and serve.

EMILIA.

A Currant in the Pudding is Worth

five grapes on the tree. Five pounds of beautiful Greek grapes are required to make one pound of currants, which means that currants are concentrated food, and contain the grape sugar of five times their weight of fresh fruit. Therefore currants are the very best ingredient for the sweet course. There are many ways of using them with great advantage to health and pocket. No difficulties lie in the path of currant cookery. The fruit is cheap, and its own great worth makes every dish wherein it appears palatable and health-giving. Every leading grocer has a supply of most useful little currant cookery books, a copy of which he will gladly give you free on request.

The Editor's Box

Gas Mantles

The phrase "It's a Veritas" is now so frequently used as to indicate that it is the first and last word in mantle-making. And no wonder is it that "Veritas" is a household word, for the mantle is made in one of the largest and most up-to-date factories in the United Kingdom, replete with a splendidly equipped laboratory and employing a large staff of able chemists, who devote their sole attention to maintaining the excellency of the "Veritas" mantles. The principal aim of this firm has been to produce a mantle which shall be unequalled for strength and durability, a desideratum the advent of inverted burners has made none the less necessary. To such a high state of efficiency has the "Veritas" reached that the inverted mantle is now being considerably used for train and street lighting, a fact which speaks volumes for its strength, when the constant vibration is taken into consideration.

Fulham Theatre

Mr. Harry P. Towers's Company in *Dear Little Denmark* (by arrangement with Mr. Frank Curzon) is at the Grand Theatre, Fulham, this week. The cast is an exceptionally strong one, including Miss Thelma Raye as Christine. The company has been touring since August Bank Holiday, and has been delighting provincial audiences. This will be the only opportunity of London playgoers renewing their acquaintance with this dainty musical comedy. There is a matinée on Wednesday.

A "Veritas" Gas Mantle

The Adelphi Theatre

Messrs. Jas. Shoolbred and Co. were entrusted with the decorations and furnishing section of the work. Genuine Oriental rugs form the floor-covering in the hall. Their rich tones are repeated in the stair carpet. In the colour-scheme in the auditorium the predominating tint is a soft, restful grey relieved with gold. A pink is introduced into the scheme in the seats. These are covered with a velvet which is unique in that it is specially woven for this theatre in a hand-loom, and is of specially fine quality. The silk tapestry panels on the walls of the private boxes have also a pink ground, but here a new note occurs, the design being in white as are also the mouldings and borders of the mural decorations. The modelled ornaments of the circle fronts are solidly gilt in pleasing contrast to the grey background. The curtains and draperies, also grey with gold enrichments, are of deep pile velvet. The Royal box and its retiring room are in the style of Louis XVI. The patrons of the stalls will actually find themselves free from the usual bars to complete enjoyment found in the want of a resting-place for fans, wraps, programmes, silk hats, etc., for here Messrs. Shoolbred have introduced their patented tip-up seats; the special features of these seats are the fact of their being provided with two roomy shelves, and also the greatly increased comfort of their shape, which is that of a drawing-room armchair.

"Aero" Muffler

A great improvement on the ordinary scarf is the new "Aero" Muffler. As its name implies, this neat little novelty was originally designed for aeroplanists, and perhaps motorists, but we see no reason against its taking the place of the ordinary muffler for general use. Footer and hockey men, for instance, are making use of them in place of the usual club scarf, which in the customary practice before a match invariably becomes jerked out of place.